Love a la M[illegible]

A

COMED[illegible]

As it was lately ACTED with great Applause at *Middlesex-House*.

Anon.

WRITTEN

By a Person of HONOUR.

Ficta, voluptatis causa, sint proxima veris.
Hor. de Art. Poet.



[illegible] 89

LONDON, 90 [illegible] 32

Printed by *J. C.* for *John Daniel*, at the three Hearts in St. *Paul's Church-yard*, near the West end. 1662.

Drammatis Perſonæ.

GAMBUGIUM, a Doctor of Phyſick.
VIRGINIO, Father to *Cœlia*.
TICKET, a Traveller, } Two Lovers *A la*
RANT his Friend, } *Mode*.
PHILOSTRATUS, a Gentleman, and Lover of *Cœlia*.
GLISTERPIPE, The Doctors Man.
BLUNT, An old fellow turn'd Gallant for *Cœlia*'s love.
A *PORTER*.
Two *LACQUEYS*.
COELIA, Daughter to *Virginio*.
CLITTOMESTRA, Wife to *Gambugium*.
ACUTA, Her Daughter.
ASTUTIA, Siſter to *Ticket*.
MATRONA, Governeſs to *Cœlia*,

MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM
BRITISH MVSEVM
Transferred
DUPLICATE.

Scene *LONDON*.

To the Reader.

THis Comedy will (I hope) afford more variety both in humor and plot, then to give just cause to any to believe it a Translation: although (I must confess) there be a French Play which bears this Title; and in Title onely they resemble. The French are commonly content in their Comedies with one single Humor, and Rime; but the Criticks of this Island are scarce satisfied with Reason. I expect as many Censurers as Readers; but hold my self as little bound to believe them, as to court their approbation: for I shall neither live concerned at their frownes, nor much exalted with their smiles. Yet am I not so conceited of my Work, as some of my partiall Friends, who have imposed upon me the penance to hear my Play extolled beyond its merit: for my Muse was never so ambitious, to pretend equality with those unparallell'd Poets they prefer her before. However, their Verses express their friendship, and peculiar approbation of what you may possibly condemn. But I desire to be tried by my Peers, by legitimate Judges, of which I conceive two sorts; Poets in actu, and Poets in potentia, understanders of Poetry: under the last notion, I willingly comprehend the generous and accomplisht Gentry of this Nation; not every Mechanick stripling that can spell his Psalter, and censure Wit over a dish of Coffee: for a Comedy may loose halfe its worth by the ill reading, and all its wit through the dull apprehension of the peruser: yet such Readers I may easily forgive; for they suffer a kinde of penance in the Reading, by spending so much time to so little purpose, as the condemnation of what they understand not.

I onely contend with the ignorant; to the judicious my Muse submits, making onely exceptions against those, who think a Play criminall which had a Gentleman for its Composer; as if Wit and Blood were incompatible.

To the Reader.

Although the yeare of his Majesties happy Restauration gave birth to this Poem, yet because it was not before publisht, many may wonder why we omit so modern and Modish a Custome, as the introducing of Songs and Dances in every Scœne. *Truely, though I hold them decent Ornaments of the Stage, I love not to make them the matter of my Play; nor do I believe them so absolutely necessary to a good* Comedy, *as to intrude them by head and shoulders, when they don't belong to my Plot. As neer as I could, I endeavoured to imitate Nature; for I think no impossible accident is here presented. If to some (I meane Poeticall Coblers, Vampers of VVit, who undertake to mend what they can't make) the language appeare beyond the condition of the Speaker: their own Reason might instruct them, that Poets have in all times assumed to themselves a liberty of bettering and exalting Nature; and that Love (of all Passions) is the greatest improvement of Wit and Elocution. Nothing remaines besides (as I conceive) to carp at, unless because it was not Acted on a publick Stage: This Play was brought forth in the Shade, and Glories in a private reception; for she once received the Generall Votes and Applause of her Auditors: You'll finde by the perusall what she deserves.* Farewell.

T. S.

To

TO HIS

HONOURED BROTHER,

THE

AUTHOR

OF

Love à la Mode.

HAving well weigh'd your *Scænes*, I needs must say,
Each Plot and Fancie's new within your Play.
You follow Nature justly; nothing here
Impossible, or Monstrous doth appeare:
No bumbast Language, that so high doth swell,
As if 't would conjure Devills from their Cell,
Or rack the ear, and, which is worse, the brain
Of every Auditor, ere he can gain
The sense: but every *Scæne* is so expresst,
As suits the matter, and the humour best.
Now *Fletcher*'s gone, I feare there are but few,
For neat expressions that can vie with you;
And though you imitate his wanton strain,
Love well expres'd as much applause may gain
As dull Mechanick humors, since your pen
Can hit the humor of wilde Gentlemen.

R. Colbrand Baronet.

On the Incomparable Love à la Mode.

CRiticks approach, view what a streame of Wit
Through this one Poem runs; examine it:
I dare engage, each Act, each *Scæne*, each line,

Of

Of pureſt Wit and Mirth 's the richeſt mine
Ere ſprung from *Engliſh* Pen. But whither ſtrayes
My muſe? 'tis boldly done: doſt think thy praiſe
Exalts the Poets fame? or can a Verſe
Do more then Volumes juſtly can reherſe?
Are not the Wits free votes already paſt,
That who condemns it, his own judgement blaſts?
Were *Shakeſpeare*, *Fletcher*, or renowned *Ben*
Alive, they'd yield to this more happie pen
Thoſe lawrells that bedeckt their brows; and ſay,
Love à la mode's the beſt-accompliſh'd Play.

J. Kelynge Eſquire.

On the Compoſure of Love à la Mode.

Love à la mode doth in it ſelfe contain
So much of worth, my praiſes would profane
It's excellence: do but one *Scene* rehearſe,
You'll finde it much beyond the praiſe of Verſe.
Vulgar words here you'll ſee plac'd with ſuch art,
And ſo adapted unto every part;
A Comment would be uſeleſs to explain
His eaſie, fluent, and yet lofty ſtrain:
Nor doth't in words conſiſt (that were not fit)
But every word is uſher'd in with wit.
Thus Wit and Language doth his Muſe refine,
And them unto an active Plot doth joyn
With ſuch true art, that all juſt Wits agree
In commendation of this Comedie.
And for its worth, I thus far dare ingage,
Since the revival of the Engliſh Stage;
No modern Muſe hath yet produced ſuch:
Were *Johnſon* living, he would ſwear as much.

W. K.

The

The first Prologue, to *Love à la mode.*

Love à la mode! *what doth the Poet mean?*
With Hoods and Scarfs for to bedeck his Scœne?
Open a pack, and let each Lady chuſe
What beſt ſhe fancies, or what's moſt in uſe?
This cannot be his meaning; 'tis not fit
That he ſhould vent you Wares in ſtead of Wit:
Though Wit be hard to come by, and no doubt,
Tho' much pretended to, 'tis quite worn out:
And I believe, 'twill prove too great a pain
T'indeavour bringing of it up again.
Love à la mode! *many a pretty wench*
Hath taught a man to ſnuffle out more French:
That I ſhould be thus blockiſh! but I'll in,
And ſtraight intreat the Actors to begin:
For I believe before this Play is ended,
Moſt here will know the Love that's here intended.
And if my judgement I do not abuſe,
This Gallick-love is here too much in uſe.
But I'm too bold, and much your patience wrong:
Here come the Actors, I muſt hold my tongue.

A ſecond Prologue,

To be ſpoken at the next acting of it.

A Jury of nobl- Wits already paſt
Upon this Play, when 'twas preſented laſt;
And having try'd it by Poetick Laws,
Doom it to live with general applauſe.
But notwithſtanding this fair precedent,
If Writs of errour come, we muſt conſent
It ſtand a ſecond tryal, whilſt you ſit
Here round, the great Commiſſioners of Wit,
To canvaſe every Scœne; nay, we'll afford
You liberty to cenſure every word.
If ſome ambiguous are, or bear a ſence
That on the Ladies have an influence,
To make them ſmile or bluſh; tell us, I pray,
Where lies the guilt? in them, or in the Play?
Words of themſelves are innocent, 'tis your
Waggiſh conceits that makes the ſenſe impure:
As once I ſtood behind a Ladies back
When ſhe was reading a religious tract,
Wherein to occupy themſelves 'twas ſaid
In goodneſs did become a virtuous Maid:
She laugh'd aloud; the honeſt Fryer he
Knew no badſenſe in the word occupy.
No more our Author doth; 'tis in your breſt
To make a civil or immodeſt jeſt.
As for the Actors now, what faults they make
Are not premeditate, but by miſtake;
Therefore with Reaſon for this mercy look,
To have (when out) the benefit o'th' Book.

LOVE

LOVE
A la mode.

Actus *Primus.*

Scœna ſecunda.

Rant and Ticket.

Rant. WHen all is done, give me your Engliſh Madam;
She'll hold out a battery, a double
Voyage; and when ſhe hath ſerv'd ſome
thirty years
Or ſo, ſprung twenty leaks, charitably
Maintain'd a Covie of younger Brothers;
In her age, when Beauty and Venery
Have both forſook her, makes all Flaws up,
And lives an honeſt Towns-mans wife.

Tick. The plump Venetian do I moſt affect:
Oh Sir, they are ſo far beyond what our
Dull Iſland breeds, both for diſcourſe, then their
Behaviour, wit, and cunning in managing
Their Loves, blinding their Husbands jealouſies,

Which makes them up so absolute, as they
Likewise themselves, by th'help of Art, that you
Would swear our English women are meer fools,
And Gypsies compar'd to them.

Ran. Travellers, Sir, have liberty to speak
Without controul: yet by your favour, Sir,
I have heard many, who have visited
Those parts, (of which some were Natives) t'affirm
The World could not afford Beauties
That might compare with those our Climate breeds.

Tick. For natural Beauties, true; but they
Are onely fit for Naturals,
Meer *Simplicina*'s, that have no wit
To raise, or to allay an appetite;
Which is the cause all strangers do esteem
We are inconstant Lovers; when the defect
Is in our women onely: for had they
The Art of the Venetian Courtizan,
To vary, and change themselves into divers shapes,
Now like a Nymph, sometimes a Shepherdess,
And now and then a Madam of the Court;
Why then, there were variety: but to be
Always forc'd to take up the same fashion'd
Petticoat —— Fie upon't.

Ran. But do you think, Sir, change of habit can
Work the same pleasure, as variety
Of Women?

Tick. Exceeding far. In *Italy* I've seen
A She-Comœdian act four several parts,
And so by Art deceitful to the Eye,
That I have taken her for as many
Several persons; and so grew in love
With four Females in one woman.

Ran. 'Tis much, Sir, you deliver of that Nation,
Which may with ease excel in constancie,
Their women varying to their shapes,
According to their lovers appetites.

Yet I am ſorry, Sir, your travels have
So prejudic'd your fancie to our beauties.

Tick. Piſh, not worthy of that name: ſome calves,
(She-ones I mean) born with white faces,
Green-ſickneſs and Butter-milk, a Skin-deep
Verniſh; but what have they beſides to ſet
Them off? Nature's a Maſter-Taylor, Sir,
That cuts many handſome faſhionable
Garments out (Beauties I mean) but Art's
Her faſhioner, and indeed, doth give the
Grace and Ornaments to Natures rough-caſts:
This Art th' Italian Dames are Miſtreſs of,
Can change the colour of their hair at pleaſure;
If 't be too long, lop from it; if too ſhort,
Make an addition: if their complexion
Be ſwarthy, create a new one; if pale,
Adde to it a Tincture, that exceeds the Roſe:
Their Eye-brows likewiſe they can mould, and colour
Their Eyes according to their fancie; their Noſe,
Their Cheeks, their Lips, their Teeth; then, for their Tongue,
Their Language gives it ſuch an harmony,
That you would ſwear they by themſelves made up,
VVere Cherubins, ſometimes Angels, and in
Their ſlighteſt dreſs the beautifull'ſt of women.

Ran. Either they are Paragons indeed, or much
Indebted to thy character, by which
Thou haſt ſo far enamoured me, that I
Could love them all in thy deſcription:
In anſwer to which courteſie, I'll ſhew
Thee an Engliſh Beauty, whoſe killing eyes
I know muſt wound thy heart, unleſs thou haſt
My Antidote againſt Love; ſhe is
A Beauty to be ſeen on Feſtivals,
And by her Husband kept with as much care
As is his Sunday-Cloak.

Tick. Piſh, I'll not believe there can be ſuch a thing
As any Beauty here: when I return'd

From travel, I did propose unto my eyes
A Lent, an abstinence from beauteous objects.
Rant. Signor, tho' I am seldom so ill bred,
To place my praise and commendation
On any thing our Country doth produce,
(Tho' never so deserving) yet I can assure
This Lady worthy your acquaintance
And perusal; but yet so jealous kept.
Ticket. That's it which moves me; for I love alise
To horne a man that's jealous of his wife.
Rant. And now thou talk'st of jealousie, a neat
Jest comes to my minde, a Friend of mine
Did lately put upon this Churle: hee's old,
(That's by the way) and cannot see's fingers
Without Spectacles; which my friend perceiving,
Took an occasion handsomely to change them,
And in their place, put multiplying ones.
The Doctor still discoursing with my Friend,
Fancies a noise in's Ladies Chamber; promptly
Snatches these Spectacles, puts them on, and runs
To surprize a fantastick nothing; findes
His Wife tying her shooe, whereat he grew
Inrag'd, thinking he saw a thousand hands
About her Petticoate; call's my Friend in, a Witness
To his Wives lewdness: but he no sooner entred,
But the Doctor grew more enrag'd, swore he
Saw a thousand men to Cuckold him; with
Which he drawes me out his two-hand Sword,
And kill's you valiantly some twenty shadowes;
Whil'st his Spectacles falling off, discovered what
An Ass he was.
Ticket. Ha, ha, ha, I long to see this Lady; I wonder what She thought.
Rant. Why, to make her Husband what he thought himself.
Ticket. And well he doth deserve it; hast thou been often with her?

Rant. No, by this light, but thrice; I never love
To tie my self to one, tho' in the way
Of Courtship, I have for every day
My severall Mistress, for every week a fresh one.

Ticket. Then thou art right; continue there: by *Jove*
I did not think a meere untravell'd man
Could love so *à la mode.* But, do the Ladies
Well receive this love?

Rant. How can they choose, since with their nature it
So well agrees and sympathizes? they've learnt the trick
To entertain plurality of servants;
Some for their purse, and they maintain them
In all their riots and extravagant
Fancies; others for their ability
And strength of back, these are their Night-servants;
Some for their wit are likewise entertain'd,
And those they terme *Platonicks*, that by the
Conveyance of the Soul, at a long run
Come to participate corporeal favours.

Ticket. These humors heighten me: prethee let's go,
That I may be a witness how much Ladies
Are improv'd during my Travels.

Rant. If miracles will work upon thy faith,
Come, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Virginio. Cœlia. Matrona.

Virgi. THou art the joy and comfort of my age,
Nor can I be too carefull in my love,
By placing over thee a Governess,
Whose ag'd experience may instruct thy youth,
And keep it from those by-paths the beauties
Of our age wander, and loose themselves in.

Cœlia. Sir, I hope

The

The breeding, and good education,
You liberally have inrich't my youth with,
Have made ſuch deep impreſſions in my nature,
By figuring on it Vertues Characters,
You need not doubt, altho' you left me to
My ſelf, my virtue, or ability
To guide my honor, and govern my own fortunes.
Vir. It is not doubted, my deareſt *Cælia*,
Or of thy vertue or diſcretion
In managing, and governihg thy ſelf,
Thy Fortunes, or thy Reputation:
It is my care to ſee thee well beſtow'd,
Richly, as thou deſerv'ſt: to which intent,
Out of my fatherly affection to thee,
I have provided thee a Husband, wealthy
And young enough. No bluſhing, Girle, but let
Thy wonted obedience meet with my commands.
Cælia. You cannot tax, I hope, in any thing
My diſobedience, my ready duty
Having waited ſtill on your commands.
Virg. I do confeſs it; nor can you deny
That my care hath recompens'd thy duty,
A continuance whereof, will more and more
Endear my love and thee, to my affection.
Cælia. If you lov'd me, Sir, as you do ſeem
To flatter my belief, you could not be
So ready and ſolicitous to part with me.
Virg. Nor am I, Girle; I do not part with thee,
I but prefer thee to a noble choice:
For when thou art married, thou ſhalt live with me.
As now thou doſt, and I ſhall love thee more,
If my affections will admit encreaſe:
Cælia. Say that you ſtill ſhould love me, how can I
Anſwer with duty, that paternall love,
When you have given up in me
Your intereſt, I in my ſelfe my own,
Unto a Husband; to whom I then muſt pay
The love and duty that's now due to you?

Virg.

Virg. Thou plead'st so prettily that trust me I could
Almost let my Reason yeild unto thy fond
Affection: but when thou art
Married, Girl, and know'st the sweetness of that
Happy state, thou'lt sing me a new song.
Cœli. I wish no richer knowledge then my Duty,
Nor better companions then my own
Chaste thoughts.
Virg. And for a while enjoy thy wish:
If you die an old maid, the worst is yours.
Go in, and send *Matrona* hither. [*Exit Cœlia.*
Not marry? it is somewhat strange for Girls
Of her sprightly humor, in the teens
So far advanc'd, to refuse so good offers:
But possibly she hath some other love,
Some needy Rascal, whose wit out-weighs his wealth,
That will enjoynter her in *Parnassus* Hill:
By th' Mass I'll none of that; but did I think
'Twere her chaste strictness to a Virgins life,
I would as yet dispense her being a wife.
Welcome *Matrona*. [*Enter Matrona.*
Matr. My charge made me believe your worship sent for me.
Virg. I did: for as I have unto thy care
Committed th'onely Jewel of my life;
So I would not have thee ignorant of
My intents in placing thee her Governess.
Matr. Your worship did very discreetly in't.
Virg. I know not that; it is as you discharge
The careful trust impos'd upon you.
Now my design in placing of you here,
Is for to pry into her actions,
Her thoughts, if possible, to finde
How her affections stand, and to whom.
Matr. You could not have chose an apter instrument: I am us'd to these discoveries; in one half hour I can insinuate my self into her heart, there know her secret sins, there see her.

her ſmalleſt thoughts as plain as you do now her face.

Virg. I do believe it; however, be it
Your care to put all this in practiſe;
Search to the depth, try her, and ſound her heart,
VVhich in appearance ſeemeth all obedience.

Matr. And Maidens oft diſſemble, that I can tell you: My charge is witty too, plaguy cunning.

Virg. 'Tis that I fear; yet did I make tryal
Of her inclinations towards marriage,
By propounding to her a wealthy husband;
Handſome, and not far in years.

Matr. I marry Sir, thoſe were baits to catch a maid, and cauſe her blood to make an inſurrection in her veins: did not your worſhip perceive at the mention of a husband, a bluſh, a ſmile, or alteration in her countenance? Now by the concupiſcence of my fleſh, I do believe it mov'd her much.

Virg. Not in the leaſt, ſhe continued cold
As a widows tears, I hope not ſo deceitful.

Matr. Truſt her not, not half ſo far as you can ſee her: take it on my experience, a maid of ſeventeen cannot relent ſo coldly the motion of a husband, unleſs ſhe were elſewhere provided.

Virg. I do believe the ſame; tho' ſhe did ſtrive
For to inſinuate into my thoughts,
It was her love to me, and to a ſingle life.

Matr. Pſhaw, pſhaw, meer diſſembling: believe a Maid in love! believe an Infidel, and turn Atheiſt ſooner.

Virg. VVell, I leave her to thy wiſe examination,
In which uſe all thy art, and utmoſt skill,
The while I will abſent my ſelf, and give
Thee way to work.

Matr. Your worſhip doth diſcreetly; for in your abſence, ſhe will appear more open. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter *Cælia* from behinde the *Arras*.

Cælia. 'Twas well I over-heard your plots; for now
Being fore-warn'd, I know to be fore-arm'd;
What a deceitful creature this old
Woman is! how she improv'd my fathers
Jealousies! twenty to one, I should
Have trusted her with the secret of my love,
And so betray'd it to my fathers wrath,
Lost that affection which I hold so deare,
And what to me's more deare, *Philostratus*:
But I am safe, and all their plots are vain,
Being counterplotted by my womans brain. [*Exit*.

Scœna Tertia.

Gambugium, Clittomestra, Acuta, Glisterpipe.

Gambug. MY blessing, Daughter, and deare Wife; go in,
The air is humid, it will do thee harme:
Thou art but weak, my lambe; good honey, in.
Clittom. Do you think that I can cloister up my self,
Be kept coop't, like a Chicken in a Pen,
For you, or any mans pleasure? tho' you be
My Husband, y'are not my Jaylor.
Gambug. Nor do desire, chick, nor do desire;
It is *pro sanitate tantum*, that I speak it,
For thy health sake, meerly out of love: alas,
What wer't to me, to let thee go abroad,
Expose thy tender body to the frigid
Vapors of the ayr, wer't not my love, my love,
Still to preserve thee mine?
Clittom. Rather your jealousie, that I
Should sometimes prove anothers.
Gambug. Fye, fye, thou art too waspish: I' faith 'tis
No jealousie in the world, but of thy health;

And that concernes all loving husbands to
Be jealous of.

Clittom. Well, since your jealousie is no other, I will obey you, Sir: but, I hope, tho' you confine me to my chamber, because the Ayr is but just parboil'd by the Sun, and, as you terme it, raw; good company are not against your rules of health. [*Exit.*

Glister. But much against the rules of honesty.

Acut. And why so, good Monsieur *Glisterpipe?*

Glister. I said it to please my Master meerly, sweet
Young Mistress: may I renew my suite?

Acut. It had need; for it is a thred-bare one.

Glyster. Sweet Mistress, you are too quick.

Acuta. If a dead one be for your dyet, the Anatomy above will neither be too quick, nor too sweet for you: I need none of your Glisters.

Glister. Many a better have been glad to dance after my Pipe. [*Exit Acuta.*

Gambug. Keep her chamber, to entertain Gallants!
Oh my head, my braines, my budding head! I were
Better have let her gone abroad, then thus
Have given her a private liberty
To be horrid; I dare not name it to my self:
A Chamber! a bed! oh my perplexed thoughts!
The deed is doing now, even now, and yet
I stay, just like a Wittal, to connive
At my own shame: why *Glisterpipe!*

Glister. Did your Worship call, Sir?

Gambug. Softly, you rogue; lay your eare close, closer
To this passage; heark, if you do not heare
The creaking of some Courtiers shooes. [*A Jack wound up.*
Divel, the very bed-ropes crack.

Glister. No, Sir, 'tis onely the winding of the Jack;
I heare it plain.

Gambug. 'Tis well it was no worse: good *Glisterpipe,*
I am sent for now to Court; in haste to Court!
Be in my absence watchfull hereabout.

See

See thou obſerv'ſt who enters and goes out:
Here, take my Table-book, prick all down there.

Gliſter. Not what the Gallants prick down in my Miſtreſs Chamber.

Gambug. Their names, you Raſcal, their names; and when they are entred, be ſure thy eye keep faithful watch upon them, through that hole, that cranny, doſt thou ſee? and all their actions faithfully ſet down, rendring me my books at my return: wilt thou deale faithfully?

Gliſter. Indeed I will.

Gamb. And thou ſhalt have ſuch a reward,
If thou canſt make diſcovery.

Gliſter. Maſter, be confident, *Argus* with's hundred eyes, never watch't *Io* with halfe the circumſpection I will her.

Gambug. Deare, honeſt *Gliſterpipe*, thou art my confidence. [*Exit.*

Gliſter. Now am I in Authority, and will be ſevere in my Office; for I can bid *ſtand* to any man, and for his paſſage, ſtand high in my Miſtreſs favour. But by your favour then, good Maſter *Gliſterpipe*, where's your fidelity? why, within my Miſtriſs purſe-ſtrings: Can it there abide? No, for my Miſtriſs gold may drive it thence. Therefore good fidelity returne into my boſome, and guard the little *Infidel* my Miſtriſs, and witty *Pagan* her Daughter. See, they come; now to my watch.

Scœna Quarta.

Gliſterpipe, Clittomeſtra, Acuta.

Clitto. DAughter, 'tis Courtly; muſt we live Cloiſtred up,
Retir'd like Anchorites, perſons meerly borne
To converſe with walls, or Courtiers in
The *Arras*? where's then content, our liberty,
That noble freedom women were born with?
Shall I, becauſe I'm married, barr my ſelf

And that concernes all loving husbands to
Be jealous of.

Clittom. Well, since your jealousie is no other, I will obey you, Sir; but, I hope, tho' you confine me to my chamber, because the Ayr is but just parboil'd by the Sun, and, as you terme it, raw; good company are not against your rules of health. [*Exit.*

Glister. But much against the rules of honesty.

Acut. And why so, good Monsieur *Glisterpipe?*

Glister. I said it to please my Master meerly, sweet
Young Mistress: may I renew my suite?

Acut. It had need; for it is a thred-bare one.

Glister. Sweet Mistress, you are too quick.

Acuta. If a dead one be for your dyet, the Anatomy above will neither be too quick, nor too sweet for you: I need none of your Glisters.

Glister. Many a better have been glad to dance after my Pipe. [*Exit Acuta.*

Gambug. Keep her chamber, to entertain Gallants!
Oh my head, my braines, my budding head! I were
Better have let her gone abroad, then thus
Have given her a private liberty
To be horrid; I dare not name it to my self:
A Chamber! a bed! oh my perplexed thoughts!
The deed is doing now, even now, and yet
I stay, just like a Wittal, to connive
At my own shame: why *Glisterpipe!*

Glister. Did your Worship call, Sir?

Gambug. Softly, you rogue; lay your eare close, closer
To this passage; heark, if you do not heare
The creaking of some Courtiers shooes. [*A Jack wound up.*
Divel, the very bed-ropes crack.

Glister. No, Sir, 'tis onely the winding of the Jack; I heare it plain.

Gambug. 'Tis well it was no worse: good *Glisterpipe,*
I am sent for now to Court; in haste to Court:
Be in my absence watchfull hereabout.

See

See thou observ'st who enters, and goes out:
Here, take my Table-book, prick all down there.

Glister. Not what the Gallants prick down in my Mistress Chamber.

Gambug. Their names, you Rascal, their names; and when they are entred, be sure thy eye keep faithful watch upon them, through that hole, that cranny, dost thou see? and all their actions faithfully set down, rendring me my books at my return: wilt thou deale faithfully?

Glister. Indeed I will.

Gamb. And thou shalt have such a reward,
If thou canst make discovery.

Glister. Master, be confident, *Argus* with's hundred eyes, never watch't *Io* with halfe the circumspection I will her.

Gambug. Deare, honest *Glisterpipe*, thou art my confidence. [*Exit.*

Glister. Now am I in Authority, and will be severe in my Office; for I can bid *stand* to any man, and for his passage, stand high in my Mistress favour. But by your favour then, good Master *Glisterpipe*, where's your fidelity? why, within my Mistriss purse-strings: Can it there abide? No, for my Mistriss gold may drive it thence. Therefore good fidelity returne into my bosome, and guard the little *Infidel* my Mistriss, and witty *Pagan* her Daughter. See, they come; now to my watch.

Scœna Quarta.

Glisterpipe, Clittomestra, Acuta.

Clitto. DAughter, 'tis Courtly; must we live Cloistred up,
Retir'd like Anchorites, persons meerly borne
To converse with walls, or Courtiers in
The *Arras*? where's then content, our liberty,
That noble freedom women were born with?
Shall I, because I'm married, bart my self

Of noble friendſhip, and ſociery;
Or you, to pleaſe a Fathers jealous humour,
Live a neglected and obſcure Maide,
Nor ſeen nor ſpoken of, whil'ſt other
Meaner beauties are admired, loved ——?
Acuta. Yes, and Courted, hurried to the Park,
Treated at *Mulberry*, preſented at
The *Change*: of all this, deare Mother,
Am I ſenſible, as of my Fathers
Peeviſh jealouſie, which, if you pleaſe
Give way, ſhall no more chain our liberty,
Or circumſcribe our pleaſures, yet
All this be done, and he contented too;
For therein doth conſiſt the wit,
And management of the deſigne.
Clitto. Thou tak'ſt me ſtrangely: but how ſhould thy
Few years arrive at this rare knowledge,
Which my whole age could not enrich me with?
Acuta. You took another way, more ſuiting to
Your nature; that is, by the torrent
Of your will, and higher ſpirit, to bear all
Before you; but this augments my Fathers
Jealouſie, excites betwixt you daily diſcontents:
My way's more ſweet, and eaſie,
To appeare a moſt obedient Wife, yet be
A ſole Commandreſs of your will and pleaſure.
Clitto. How greedily my eare drinks up thy voice!
Could'ſt thou but add performance to thy Speech,
We were both happy.
Acuta. Be ſo, deare Mother, change but your high ſtrain,
Seeming obedient to my Fathers will,
And leave the reſt to me; in the mean time,
Prepare your ſelf to entertain the Courtiers.
Clitto. I flie, deare Daughter, leaving all to thee. [*Exit.*
Acut. You may relie, this fellow here is ſet
By my fathers jealouſie (I know) to watch:
But I unto his honour ſtill muſt prove

The

The faithful'ſt watch, however I keep times
With ſome ſmall follies, to prevent great crimes. [*Exit.*

Gliſ. They're gone: now muſt my obſervation make uſe of my Table-book: *My Miſtreſs and her Daughter—— were in conſultation ——— upon a conſpiracie——a quarter of an hour——five minutes——and a moment.——* [*Writes.*

A Table covered. Enter Acuta with a meſs of Cream, ſet's it on the Table.

Gliſ. But ſoft, what have we here? delicious Cream,
By the Maſs; that's more then I know, before I
Taſte it: 'tis well ſweetned; Oh delicate *Ambroſia!*
I'll eat more, it won't be miſt: I could e'en go to Noddy.
Oh! Oh! Oh! [*Sleeps. Enter Acuta.*

Acut. So, he's faſt; the plot hath ta'en, the Opium done its part. But ſoft, what's here? A Table-book! let me ſee: *My Miſtreſs and her daughter were in conſultation*——hum——*upon a conſpiracie*——hum——*a meſs of Cream*——this I'll blot out, and write thus—— *No creature hath been here ſince you went out: My Miſtreſs and her Daughter ſpent their time in prayer.* So into his pocket with it.
This happily is diſpatch't, and whilſt you ſleep,
A truer watch I'll on my Mother keep. [*Exit.*

Scœna Quinta.

Rant, Ticket, Gliſterpipe, Clittomeſtra, Acuta.

Ran. THis is the manſion, Lad, a poor outſide,
But richly lin'd with beauty, love, courtſhip,
And complaiſance; what would'ſt thou more?

Tick. Why *Rant*, I'd ſee all this thou talk'ſt of, theſe Miracles that thou delud'ſt my faith with.——

Rant. Peace, Infidel, thou ſhalt, and be as ſoon
Converted; I'll enter thee into a rich
Acquaintance, into a ſocietie
Will ſteal thy heart through the portals of

Thy

Thy eyes, if thou not ſummon for a guard
What is moſt man within thee.

Tick. That at my peril, *Rant*: but we looſe time.

Ran. Come, we'll enter further: but ſoft, here's her man, I'll waken him: Oh, ſirrah!

Tick. How faſt he is! Is he not dead?

Ran. Your foot diſturb'd his ſlumber: hark how he ſnores! The other kick wakes him.

Gliſ. Eay, ey, a meſs of Cream.

Ran. Pox take you, Skim-milk: where's your Miſtriſs?

Tick. Piſh, he's faſt: the noiſe of a Bear-garden would ſcarce move him. [*Enter Clittomeſtra, Acuta.*

Ran. There let him lie: Here comes the Ladies; we'll move them. Ladies, will you pardon your ſervants boldneſs, in preſenting a Traveller and Friend of mine to your acquaintance?

Clit. No doubt he is a Gentleman of thoſe choice parts, may challenge without commendations, greater favours: but I ſhall take notice of him as your friend: y'are welcome Signor.

Tick. I am ambitious to be known by the title of your ſervant, Madam. [*Salutes her.*

Clit. Your travels, I ſuppoſe, Sir, have afforded you
Such excellent choice paterns of our Sex,
And ſuch variety, that 'twere a ſin
To undervalue you with any title
Meaner then a friend.

Tick. Y'are too bountiful:
Call me your ſlave, your bondman: no office (Madam)
Can be baſe, or mean, that hath the leaſt
Relation unto you, whoſe ſole vertue
Is ſufficient to ennoble it.

Clit. Y'are a Courtier, Sir, as well as Traveller;
And where theſe two perfections meet in one,
They needs muſt overcome: I ſee it is
A vanity, either to argue your
Own noble worth, or my native meanneſs:

Since

Since at once, you can exalt the one,
And at your pleaſure render the other low.

Tick. VVe'll not fall out for titles; I'd be own'd
By that would moſt indear me to your love.

Clit. Then be my friend.

Tick. I would your neareſt, Madam, deareſt and conſtanteſt.

Clit. Did ever man mean conſtantly?

Tick. Ask whether the Sun affords his light to all,
VVhether the Sea be govern'd by the Moon
Man ſubject unto frailty, any thing,
That is more common, viſible and plain,
Rather then queſtion my integritie,
My conſtancie, and faithfulneſs in love.
Do Uſurers love and dote upon their Gold?
VVith the ſame ſuperſtition I'll love you.
Do happy men deſire and cheriſh life?
VVith the ſame care will I preſerve your love;
Be as far from boaſting of your favours,
As Religious men their charitable Alms.

Clit. Your nobleneſs confirms your conſtant minde;
But yet you are a ſtranger: altho' I muſt
Confeſs, your language is ſo powerful,
And bears ſuch a ſimilitude with truth,
That not to credit it were hereſie.

Tick. Dear Madam, you may without danger place
The ſmalleſt accent falling from my tongue,
An article in your belief.---- Lady,
Y'ave found a man, whoſe Conſtancie's more firme
Then Fate, whoſe love's more fervent then *Ætna*'s
Fiery boſome; more fruitful then the day,
VVhich cannot paſs without ſome novelty,
Nor can my love without new ſervices:
I breath and live, but to no other end;
I was made to ſerve you, you the fair ſhrine
To which I ought to dedicate my actions:
All that I am, or can be, 's in your power.

Should

Should I prove falſe, your frown may ſtrike me dead;
And being ſo, your ſmile renew my life.
Did you but know your abſolute command,
Your power to make me happy, with your
Prerogative to inflict upon me
Puniſhments, to which Hells torments
Are meere paſtimes, you would be mercifull,
And not torment, by your ſuſpition, one
So firmly dedicated to your ſervice.

Clitto. Theſe are bewitching accents ſure; I thought
To play but wantonly with Love, and like
A flie about a candles blaze, have ſindged
My wings, and periſh'd in the flame.

Ticket. I feare my diſcourſe is tedious;
For I perceive a diſcompoſure in your looks,
As if my ſpeech and preſence were unwelcome.

Clitto. Y'ave little skill, Sir, in Phyſiognomy:
For I have heard ſuch excellent diſcourſe,
That I could live and die upon the lips
From whence it flow'd.

Ticket. Nothing, Madam, but what your beauty form'd,
Which, ſhould I ſpeak unto its ſmalleſt worth,
I muſt ſpeak wonders, and from your face
Make all ſucceeding Poets to derive
Their higheſt Epithites.

Deereſt Lady, you, who onely are
Worthy to be ſtiled faire;
Whoſe virtue doth enſhrine,
And make your beauty more divine:
Bow down thoſe Roſie Twins of bliſs,
That I may ſurfet of a kiſs,
And of that ſurfet die,
Engraving on your lips mine Elogie.

Clitto. Who can deny a favour begg'd like this?

Ticket. One, freely granted, makes a double kiſs.

Rant. By Heaven, y'are more fair and beautifull
Then the grey-ey'd morne, dreſt in her cleareſt

Robes,

Robes, such as adorne her in the spring.

Acut. Suppose it granted, what do you infer from this?

Rant. That all the world (faire Lady) are oblig'd
To admire, love, or rather reverence,
The divine seat of so much beauty.

Acuta. And amongst the rest, you'd enter into bond.

Rant. Lady, I'd be your bond-slave, one of the meanest
Admirers and celebraters of your beauty.

Acuta. I'd rather cancel your obligation, and have my
Beauty celebrated at liberty, that's at your own
Discretion, Sir:

Rant. By *Jove* thou hast an excellent wit too, and I love that.

Acuta. Nay, if you so soon diversifie in your affection, and
Make a digression from beauty to wit, I have
Done with you.

Rant. Excuse me, Lady, wit's an interiour beauty; I hope
You'l give me leave in livelyest colours to set
Forth your excellence; and having given you
Reasons why y'are lovely, I may the easier perswade
You that I love you.

Acut. I wish I could as easily believe: but since I afford
You the liberty of speaking, you cannot in justice
Deny me the like freedom in believing.

Rant. Well, Madam, I hope we shall not alwayes differ
thus: the better you know me. ——

Acut. The less I shall trust you: your friend is taking
Leave of my Mother, which makes me leave you
To your complement.

Ticket. Madam, I am your Creature: whither away,
Little beauty? [*Snatches* Acuta *by the hand.*

Acuta. Not the right way, since I could not avoid yours.

Ticket. Did you know how much I love and honour
You, dear Lady, you'd think your way were right;
I'm sure I do; direct my purpose so,
My honest faithfull love: never till now
Did such a glorious constellation break,
And lay it self open to a mortal eye;

Y'are by all the reverence I owe your name,
By my vow'd love, by thy faire ſelf, which is
The moſt of all; the onely beauty that I ever ſaw.

Acut. Alaſs, poor Sir, how long ſince have you recovered your eye-ſight?

Ticket. Now I have loſt it (Lady) ne'er till now,
Blinded with the glorious beames of your
Beauty, by the ardor of my own true love.

Acuta. Alaſs! poor love, ſuch an affection had need of a dog to lead it.

Ticket. No, I cannot miſs my way to ſuch a
Light: for all the paths of excellence and
Vertue do lead unto it. Would I behold
The Sun in its true glory? 't muſt then be
In that divine and glorious Firmament:
Would I obtain the knowledge of the Stars,
All their powerfull influence upon me?
I'd have recourſe unto thoſe ſtarry twins,
Your eyes; for they command my deſtinie,
Govern my fortunes.

Acut. Take breath, good Monſieur, take breath; you'll want it for the next Miſtriſs you go to.

Ticket. You may well deſpiſe ſo mean a ſervant,
Lady; but if upon my love you pleaſe
To caſt a favourable eye, you'll finde
It ſo faithfull, fixt, and conſtant, that tho'
It be within the power of your frownes
To look me dead, your greateſt ſcornes are not
Of force to ſet a period to my love.

Acut. I have no power left for ſcornes: what's this I feel? Oh! you think y'ave don't to purpoſe now: how many of theſe fine ſpeeches can you afford a penny?

Ticket. They are not mercenary words; poor breath,
And yet ambitious by its conſtancy,
To win the greateſt beauty the World hath.

Acut. Oh! theſe words do melt the Virgin-ſnow
About my heart: I dare no longer ſtay;

For

For if I do, I'm loſt. Oh, 'tis pity
Nature contriv'd a tongue with ſo much art,
Then wedded it unto ſo falſe a heart. [*Exit.*

Clit. My Daughter gone?

Tick. Wearied, Madam, with the dulneſs of my diſcourſe.

Clit. That would rather invite her ſtay,
It is ſo charming.

Tick. 'Tis much honoured by your approbation, Madam: Whil'ſt I am, reſt confident of a ſervant.

Rant. Lady, we'll ceaſe to be at this time more importunate.

Ticket. Your humble ſervant: your directions ſhall be my guide.

Clit. Before the Sun takes Coach, you'll hear from me. Your Servant, Gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

Enter *Acuta* with a Note.

Acut. What, is he gone ſo ſoon, before my pen
Could figure forth the ſmalleſt of my thoughts?
Traiterous love, to ſteal upon my heart
Thus, like a thief, inſenſibly: poor maid!
To looſe at firſt the glory of thy ſcorn,
To play, and jeſt away thy freedom thus;
And, to a man, that I believe more falſe,
Then a flattering dream, and more illuſive!
Yet, why do I ſay falſe? his proteſtations
Were as firm as truth; his face
Too ſmooth, if well obſerv'd, for to conceal
A falſehood. How prettily my love doth
Plead in his defence! [*He wakes.*

Gliſter. Oh, oh, hey, Madam *Acuta*, I had the prettieſt dream!

Acut. Some meanes I'll work, to make him know I love;
Being firſt aſſur'd that he will conſtant prove. [*Exit.*

Gliſter. Oh the uncharitable wretch, to leave me all alone! now am I as amorous as a dancing Ape, and as letcherous as an

old lowzie beggar. Well, this quarter parcel of Virginity will not out of my minde, and yet she will not minde me: but I'll have a conceit shall tickle her yet, make her a bill of my affection, and give her so many *Items* of my good parts. If that don't win her, may all Lovers prove
Full of deceit, not conceit, in their love. [*Exit.*

Actus *Secundus.*

Scœna Prima.

Cælia, Matrona.

Mat. SWeet Lady-bird, do not frown; you'll mar the beauty of your lookes.

Cæl. Why? if I do, I hope they are my own.

Mat. Tho' now they are, they must shortly be anothers: preserve them, Mistress, for a husband.

Cæl. Good Antiquity, sputter farther off; I have no time for trifles.

Mat. But you must listen to the experience of the old: age is honourable; and my place requires some reverence.

Cæl. VVhat, Groom of my stoole?

Mat. These are unreverent words to your Governess.

Cæl. Governess? what proud foole dares hope that glorious title o'er me? thou, I know, canst not expect any thing beyond what Nature did intend thee for, a Baud.

Mat. Minion, minion, you shall know, I am your Governess.

Cæl. Again that word? thou prodigy of age, how dar'st thou tempt my patience? Think not, whil'st I know who I am, and where I am, my Fathers Daughter in my Fathers house, there shall be any Governess but I.

Mat.

Mat. I'll be your adviſer then.

Cæl. I'd adviſe you to be leſs ſawcy, woman, and know your diſtance: when I need you, or your advice, I'll call for you; till when, it will become your duty to be ſilent, and not abuſe my Fathers charity. He take thee for a Governeſs! alaſs, poor woman, how I pitty thy wrong judgement! he took thee of meere charity, good man, it is his uſual courſe.

Mat. She'll perſwade me I am a beggar ſtreight, a right worſhipfull ſubject for a Brokers charity. ---- Lady, however you are pleas'd to abuſe me in your Fathers abſence, I muſt tell you I was entertain'd on other conditions.

Cæl. And I tell thee, thou doting Woman, thou haſt never a good condition to be entertain'd for.

Mat. VVell, I am patient, you ſee: we old folks are fools; my love makes me bear all: I can take nothing ill from my ſweet Miſtreſs: Youth will make merry with Age. Deare ſweet Miſtreſs, I'll be any thing to pleaſe you.

Cæl. Be ſilent then, and hold thy prate; doſt think my fortunes can be better'd by thy advice, or prejudic'd without it? or hath my Father plac'd you here a Prologue to my Maidenhead, to tell each gallant, as he paſſes by, what's to be had within?

Mat. I am ſorry, Lady, you ſhould thus miſconſter my love; bent onely to your ſervice, my ſelf your creature, who would be willingly employ'd in any thing that might be grateſull to you. ---- I know you are a Maid, a ripe one; and to ſome one particular bear an affection: give me, ſweet Lady-bird, the ſecret, and you ſhall ſee how ſuddenly I'll work your will; how ſecretly, with what dexterity I'll manage your affection. If this, or all the endeavours of my life can gain your good opinion, ſweet Lady-bird, command me.

Cælia. Then I command thy abſence; thy ſight is a
Diſeaſe as killing as the Plague: how well
Did my Prophetick ſpirit gueſs, when I
Did call thee Baud, a promoter of baſe luſt?
For now I finde thee a moſt deceitfull
And a treacherous one ---- I'd have thee know,

'Tis

'Tis not within the magick of thy tongue
To pervert my chaſtity, tho' you hide
Beneath the heavenly name of love
Your Devil, luſt. Do'ſt think, thou rottenneſs,
I am ſo much a foole, as to believe
Thou can'ſt be true to me, that to
My Fathers truſt prov'ſt ſuch a traitor? --- But
For bliſtering of my tongue, I now could
Curſe thee, curſe thee to Hell, to warm thy old
Decayed letcherous trunk.

Mat. You know I don't deſerve this.

Cæl. Away, diſſembler, hypocrits; doſt weep,
And think to chain my weak belief with teares?

Mat. No; th'are teares of love, caus'd by unkindneſs.

Cæl. VVhatere they are, I hate both them and thee:
Avoid my ſight, thou moſt corrupted ſhroud,
Leſt that my rage inforce me ſet a mark
Upon thy lewdneſs. I command thee hence.

Mat. VVell, well, I muſt obey: your Father will come home. [*Exit Matrona.*

Cæl. I know he will, and that all this diſcourſe
Flies ſwiftly to his eare; but I ſhall be
Prepar'd. --- I am glad I've workt this Satan hence;
To whom I was oblig'd uſe this rough ſtrain,
To keep her too inſinuating notes
At a due diſtance from my heart: for had
I given her diſſimulation way,
I had undone my ſelf, who am too apt
By faire pretences to be wrought upon:
But whil'ſt I kept her at a diſtance thus,
She could not cloſe; and I, as if I were
In an inchanted Circle, ſtood ſecure,
Upon the Center of my reſolution.
But now I muſt prepare for a new onſet,
A Fathers ſevere brow: aſſiſt me Wit,
And Love aſſiſt me too, to counterfeit
As many humours as *Proteus* ſhapes:

My

My *Philostratus* too, I must instruct,
That he may be as ready in his part
As I: for love hath taught me mine by heart. [*Exit.*

Scœna Secunda.

Gambugium, Clittomestra, Acuta, Glisterpipe.

Gam. STand aside a while; I'll kiss thee anon:
Come hither, *Glisterpipe*; hast thou set down?
Glist. Verbatim, Sir, as this Book shall specifie.
Gam. 'Tis well, 'tis well: umh, um, um. *At her Devotion:*
That was somewhat like: *No Gallant here.* A
Good amendment still. Come hither, Wife:
And now I'll kiss thee, hony.
Clit. When you please, Sir: it is most fit
That I expect your appetite.
Gam. Oh sweet alteration! why now thou art my
Life, my heart, my soul; what shall I term
Thee, to express my love? my joy is now at
Full, and makes my blood to caper in my veins:
These dainties are not to be parted with.
Now tell me, Deare, how in my absence did'st
Employ thy time?
Clit. Oh Sir, it was exceeding tedious to me:
When you are out, me thinks I miss part of
My self within. I spent my time
As suited best my thoughts, in melancholy,
Untill my Daughter came to comfort me,
By reading to me a Religious Tract,
A Treatise made against incontinence;
So excellent a piece, that credit me
It might convert the boldest Courtesan;
And yet 'tis usefull to the chastest wife:
I found much comfort in't: believe me, Sir,
There is no happiness like contemplation.

Gam.

Gam. Nor no felicity like such a VVife.
Clit. For contemplation elevates our joy,
And mitigates extremity of grief:
It sweetly passes over tedious time,
And sweetens all afflicting accidents.
Gam. It do's, it do's, sweet heart, and comforts me.
My thanks to thee, dear daughter, who found out
So good an entertainment for my VVife.
Acut. It is my duty, Sir, to study both your satisfactions.
Gam. And our happiness to have so blest a childe.
However virtue doth reward her self,
Many are virtuous onely for reward;
Therefore 'tis good for to encourage them,
And let them know they have done well:
Here, Daughter, take this, 'twill buy a handsome
Dressing for thy head: I love to see
Thee neat: and, dearest VVife, this brace of Angels
Shall henceforth be thy guard: they flew into
My purse this morning, next my heart.
Clit. I thank you, Sir; as many of these guardians as you please.
Gam. I'll out, and get thee more: be merry in my absence,
Lamb: nay, prithee look not sad; for then
Thy over-kindness will afflict me more,
Then my suspition ever did before.
Here, take my Book; thou know'st thy task. [*Exeunt.*
Glister. Fear nothing, Sir.
Clit. Ha,ha,ha! be merry, Lamb; your counsel I will take:
Sadness ne'r enters here, till you come back.
Acut. Deare Mother, tell me how you now approve
My counsel; how like you the success?
Is not this better then continuall brawles,
Hourely jealousies and discontents?
Clit. Much better, Daughter; now we have his heart,
His purse, himself, and all, at our command.
I do applaud thy wit, and love thee for't:
But, deare *Acuta*, I have a new design.

Acut.

Acut. Enrich my knowledge with't; and if it reſt
Within the compaſs of a womans brain,
Account it done.
Clitto. You make me happy, childe;
For this requires more Secrecie then Wit:
I dare truſt none but thee: this ſmall Letter
Would I have ſpeedily convey'd.
Acut. With ſecrecie?
Clitto. With all caution, into the hands of that
Same ſtranger-Gentleman.
Acut. Think it done, and 'tis ſo: have you any
Further ſervice?
Clitto. Onely this.
Acut. Account it done: in the mean time, good Mother,
Let's give no nouriſhment to my Fathers
Jealouſie, by a long conference.
Clitto. Feare nothing; he is at Court by this.
Acut. But his intelligencer is at home.
Clitto. How I love thy diſcreet caution! [*Exit.*
Acut. You would have cauſe, dear Mother, knew you all.
Now to my Letter; it bears direction,
To Her moſt honour'd Friend Mr. Ticket;
That's His name: this is a new diſcovery.
By your leave, Mother, I'll make bold and read it.

Dear Sir,

Your Courtſhip was ſo powerfull, few or none could reſiſt; it was not at leaſt in my power: but, whether the eloquence of your language, or excellence of your Perſon won the victory upon me, is diſputable: certainly both concurr'd to compleate your Merit. By promiſe I was to appoint the place of a ſecond interview: but ſince finding my ſelf guilty of too much modeſty, to undertake ſo great a piece of confidence, I moſt humbly deſire you ſo far to indulge my baſhfulneſs, and diſpence with my promiſe, as to make the appointment your ſelf; where I may appear

Your moſt affectionate Friend and Servant,
Clittomeſtra.

Acut. Where you may appear a wilde licentious woman
But I'll divert your ill intents to good,
And keep you virtuous against your will:
Besides, I love the Gentleman my self,
Though he be much unworthy of my love;
For it should seem he courted my Mother
To the same height of ardencie in love,
As he did me. Inconstancy of man!
Oh men, what are you! and what fools are we,
To credit your false vowes! henceforth I'll take
My heart a little nearer to my self:
Though I must love him still, I'll be so wise,
To credit no mans vowes before my eyes:
Howe'r, this interview I can prevent,
Writing a Letter to a wrong intent:
But by this wrong, I do my Father right,
Besides a justice to my love; nor can
My Mother, when chaste thoughts take place, condemne
Me for't — It is resolv'd, I will about it streight:
Delay's are dangerous in affairs of weight. [*Exit.*

Scœna Tertia.

Virginio, Matrona, Cælia.

Mat. SHe is, saving your VVorships reverence, possest; but with such a spirit, that all the Conjurers in Town Shall never lay.

Virg. VVhy, what said She to thee?

Mat. Nay, what did She not say? when I told Her, I was To be Her Governess, She roar'd lowder then a Cannon, and had like to have destroy'd me with The artillery of Her high language: She scolded Faster then a *Billingsgate* Oyster-wench, and rail'd At me with as great a liberty, as an ignorant Phanatick at a stand in his Text, ever did against

The

The Pope; baited me worse then his Bull could
Be at *Geneva*, and threatn'd, if I but
Urg'd the name of Governess, it should be my last.
Virg. Thou dost belie Her now; I know thou dost:
Her nature is more soft, then finest downe;
Her behaviour most sweet, and affable,
And never guilty of such a rudeness
As thou deliver'st. She is not halfe
So spleenitive as a Dove; a fish is scarce
So silent as she, when She's admonish't.
She threaten thee! fie, 'tis impossible:
She'd scarce menace a Dog that bites Her.
Mat. I know not, but am sure I was afraid
Of my eyes: and then I did comply, told Her
I'd be her servant: She call'd me Baud, old
Rottenness, and such language as was beyond
The patience of a *Stoick*. I still bore, gave Her
Sweet language, offered to serve her in any secret
Of Her deareſt love; but still was rated at.
Virg. It is beyond a miracle; I cannot credit it.
Mat. Stand but aside, and witness it: I hear Her coming.

Enter *Cœlia* dreſt like a *Puritan*.

VWhat, Lady, chang'd your dress?
Cœl. You see, good Governess, the effects of your commands: your counsels have open'd my eyes, and made me see the vanities of youth.
Mat. You're deceiv'd, dear Mistress; I'd have you brave, gallant, glittering with Jewells, deck't with ribbans, gaudier then the rain-bow.
Cœl. Good Mother, do not trie me with too many and fierce temptations: I am not fully strengthned in faith yet; the Snares of *Satan* may intrap me.
Mat. I'the Divells name, how came She chang'd thus?
Cœl. Holy Governess, will you conduct me, according to Your promise, to the Conventicle of Religious Brethren?

Mat. I promise, sweet Creature, to get thee a Husband, a valiant man.

Cal. That were irreligious: get me a sanctified Husband, A man of the purest reformation.

Virg. My Child's spoil'd; the Trot has abus'd me, infus'd Three long points and a half of Predestination into Her Head, and made Her as mad as a *French* Taylor, VVhose brains are whimsied with an inundation Of new fashions. —— But I'll hear more.

Cal. Whereabout stand all the meeting-houses? how Many Lectures are there a week?

Mat. Are you mad? what have you to do with Lectures And Meeting-Houses? how came you chang'd thus? Did you not ere while abuse me in as imperious A strain as a thrice-married Widow?

Cal. Goodness forbid! the vanity of my spirit rise in Insurrection against the elder? that were surely Reprobation; by yea and nay, damnation.

Mat. Out, dissembler! did you not call me Baud, Trot, and other beastly names?

Cal. Verily you do scandalize the Righteous: but by revelation it was reveal'd to me, that I should suffer; and by inspiration I receiv'd it in spirit, that the beginning of my Reformation would be a Conflict of warfare and temptation.

Virg. I can contain no longer. ---- How now, Daughter! No blessing?

Cal. The sanctified Sisters do not use it, trust me. It is superstitious and abominable in the eyes Of Reformation.

Virg. Oh my heart! I now begin to feare She's too far gone to be reclaim'd in haste. Daughter, I've brought thee home a brave rich Gowne, Two scollopt Gorgets of the newest cut, And Suites of several fashionable Ribbans: I love to see thee gallant: Virgins still Should be desirous of all novelties.

Cal. I'll have none, they are the very cobwebs of *Satan*.

Afflict

Afflict not my memory with the errors of my
Youth; all theſe vanities are now abominations.
Therefore I'll go humble my ſelf, that is, make
My ſelf humble, and depreſs the ſpirit of
Vanity. [*Exit.*

Virg. Oh thou VVitch-hagg; either reduce Her from
This Phrenzy, or ne'er ſee my face.

Mat. I'll uſe my endeavour, Sir. [*Exit.*

Virg. Oh curious foole, that ſought to prie into
Thy Daughters thoughts! thy curioſity
Is now re-paid from a high hand. Heaven
Reſtore my Childe unto Her former wits, ----
Or elſe let me reſtore Her unto you. -----
Give Her, or take Her: griefs, you are but weak,
That cannot make an old man's heart to break.

Scœna Quarta.

Blunt, Virginio, Cælia, Matrona.

Blunt. HOw cheere you forſooth? my Miſtriſs, the Lady
Your Daughter, I hope She be in health.

Virg. Never worſe, Sir, never worſe, Mr. *Blunt*:
However, you ſhew your love in asking after her.

Blunt. Truely forſooth it doth afflict me much.

Virg. Paſſion will do no good, Mr. *Blunt*: I did intend
You for my Son-in-law; but ſome hypocritical
Varlet hath ſpoil'd my Daughter; ſhe is not
What ſhe was.

Blunt. Goodneſs ſake, Sir, is ſhe not a maid ſtill?

Virg. For ought I know; but ſuch a preciſe Siſter
She's grown, you'll ſcarce know her: ſhe has
Loſt her wit too: you know ſhe was full of
Jeſts, witty girds, for which I lov'd her; now
She's the plaineſt thing!

Blunt. Truſt me I ſhall like her the better; for her wit

Was

Was a razor to my nature: if she be grown a plain
Dealer, let me alone, if down-right dealing
Will do it.

Virg. I am glad it pleases you: I wish you had her: I'm
Sure it troubles me, afflicts me much, and so would
Any one that loves her think: she'll talk you
Twelve hours of Predestination, Reformation,
Sanctification, Tribulation, Reprobation,
Damnation, and such a spawn of Phanatick
Words, that in plain *English* I think she's mad.

Blunt. That's another good sign: if she be mad,
I shall speak sense enough to Court her; for I
Could never have the face, such is my foolish
Bashfulness, to speak to a woman in her wits.

Virg. Then my afflictions are your solace, Sir.

Blunt. I am of age, forsooth, to know my own inclinations.

Virg. Nay, understand me, Sir, I am glad she
Pleases you; I thought her a lost childe, a cast-away:
But your discretion may reform her.

Blunt. I warrant you, forsooth, if she will but conform:
For look you, I am a man of few words, forsooth; *Plain Dealing's a Jewell*, that's my Motto: but if she expect
Fine finical Phrases, Meteors, and Folligisms.-----

Virg. You mean Syllogisms, and Metaphors.

Blunt. I do profess I do, forsooth; my meaning's good; and if she'll take me by that, never a shoe-maker in *Christendome* can fit her better for down-right dealing.

Virg. Peace, here she comes; let's observe her.

Enter *Cœlia*, *Matrona*.

Cœl. Matrona, Fie, it is a scurrilous prophane name: thou
Shalt be new dipt, and receive the sanctified name
Of *Tabitha*, and I will be call'd *Rachel*; yea, *Rachel*
Shall be My appellation. —

Virg. My *Cœlia*, here's Mr. *Blunt*, your servant, to kiss

Your

Your hands: what, no answer?

Mat. Not unless you call her *Rachel*: Shee's new dipt.

Virg. Sir, go to her; may be shee'll be asham'd, before you, To play the foole so.

Blunt. In the mean time, I am such a shamefac'd foole, I cannot speak: in sooth my heart is no bigger then a pins head. Before I saw her, I was as couragious as *Hercules*; and now my heart's sunk into my belly. A Mouse when the Trap falls is not in such a taking: yet methinks I might speak as many words as *Frier Bacons* Head: Ma-ma-Madam.

Cæl. Oh fie! abomination! what, do I see the plumes and wings of *Gog-magog?* Oh the tempter in the shape of an old man, cloath'd in the vanities of youth! I do defie thee, Satan, I do defie thee; that is, I bid defiance unto thee.

Blunt. Lord, what a Monster she makes me!

Cæl. By yea and nay, the mark, the brand and flower
Of *Antichrist* are in his idolatrous looks; therefore
Will I flie, or, as we say, avoid; that is, shun the Serpent.

[*Exit.*

Virg. Follow her, *Matrona*, and work her still:
If one means faile, another straight essay:
We too, the while, will seek some Doctor out:
And now I think on't, *Gambugium* is
For cure of madness very eminent:
Come, let's to him; we by experience finde
'Tis hard to cure a diseased minde.

[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS

ACTUS Tertius.

Scœna Prima.

Enter Gambngium *ſhav'd and powdred, in equipage of a young Gallant*; Gliſterpipe *at a corner of the Stage.*

Gam. ALthough my Wives new ſtrict behaviour pleaſe
Me very well, my thoughts are not at reſt:
Though I have reaſon to be confident,
Yet not to truſt, is not to be deceiv'd:
No proofs more certain then what's ocular.
My Man may be corrupt, and negligent;
My Wife prove cunning; many women are
But well diſſemblers of their wantonneſs.
Now in this Garb I ſhall diſcover all;
For I am far from knowledge: if I finde
Her honeſt, reſiſting the ſeverall temptations
I have brought, as Gold, Jewells,
Sweet-meats, and ſweet and richer promiſes;
Suſpition never more enters my breaſt:
But ſhould I finde her other, my juſt revenge
Upon her blood ſhould ſatisfie her crime.
The thought diſturbs me; I muſt think a while.

Gliſt. So, there's a Gallant, and he makes this way; perhaps He wants a little *Saſſafras*, or *China-root*; he crinkles In the hams, as if the *French-man* had unknit his joynts, Or calcinated all his bones in the flames of Venery.

Gamb. Sirrah, is your Miſtriſs within?

Gliſt. What if ſhe be, Sir?

Gamb. VVhy my cautious knave that keeps the door, informe

inform her that a Gentleman, one Mr. *Winal*, craves the honour to kiss her hands, and vow himself her servant.

Glis. Sir, I shall do your errand presently; but I have a small Item or two to write here.

Gam. The Knave's exceeding punctual: a faithful servant and a vertuous wife are treasures. I pray dispatch, Sir.

Glis. I go immediately.---So, y'are down; but, my spruce Baboon, you are too like my Master to please my Mistress. [*Exit.*

Gam. If I can quit my phrases now of art,
And larding my discourse with Latine, I
Am made: for out of a most exquisite
Romance, I have stole language; if I can
But sort it to my purpose, that will do
The feat: see, they come before I'm perfect
In my complement. [*Enter Clittomestra, Acuta.*

Clit. Looks he so like a Jackanapes new shav'd?

Glis. As ere you saw, Madam; see where he stands, a glittering outside, a composition of youth and age beat by time in a Morter together; or rather he is times Hermaphrodite: for look you, one eye is gray, the other black, male and female; one cheek like unto *Luna*, white; the other yellow, *Phœbus* bright: one leg full stuft, the other thin, as if they neither were a kin.

Acut. Y'are very full of your wit, and Poetry: but prethee keep it, till I have leasure to hear it.

Glist. Well, I'll down with you in my black book for this.

Acut. Now summon all your wits: this is some trick. I see thorow the disguise.

Clit. Do you think we'll bite at all baits, Daughter?

Acut. Avoid this mainly; do you observe the wart upon his eye-brow?

Clit. It cannot be your Father; and yet there's some resemblance.

Acut. Peace, he turnes, and advances towards us, as gingerly as a piece of Clock-work new wound up; the wheels of the motion want oyling.

Gamb. Fairest of Ladies, grace the lips of a stranger with the odoriferous balsom of a kiss.

Glist. An excellent Apothecaries complement! I'll prick that down.

Acut. Have you any more to say, Sir?

Clit. Let it alone; an hour hence the Brazen-head will utter another sentence.

Acut. Peace, Mother, the mouth opens.

Gam. How they abuse me! but these abuses are
My solace. Ladies, I take your silence for
A consent, and make use of the sweet
Unguent of your lips.

Clit. Take that for your bold rudeness: next time you visit Ladies, learn your distance, [*Strikes him.*
Or go into the suburbs; there's carrion for
Such crowes.

Gam. Oh my teeth! yet had I rather have
The dolour there, then on my brow. This
Young beauty, I hope, will prove more
Mercifull.

Acut. Time's past, Sir —— had you made to me your
First addresses, you might perhaps have gain'd
The favour of my hand, and that had been
An honour.

Gam. Excellent chaste both: but words are ayre.
I'll trie whether their virtue be gold-proose:
Madam, I know lovers must receive many
Repulses when they lay siege, especially to so
Fortifi'd a Castle.

Acut. Have a care of the next battery: for if the
Cannons of our tongues begin to play, we shall
So shatter your decay'd forces!

Gam. Peace, good nimble wit: Pox, she hath put
Me out of my very undermining speech.
But gold is the best Orator. —— Lady, all this,
And more, is at your service.

Clit. Oh Sir, you are troubled with a pleurisie of
Gold: I wish my Husband here, to let you
Blood for't.

Gam.

Gam. You understand me not; I'll be Plainer: I love
You, Lady; and so love you, I'd willingly part
With my whole estate for to enjoy you but
One night: Is it not pitty that jealous fool
Gambuginm, who hath no sence of the
Happiness he enjoys, nor in himself the least
Worth to deserve you, should slubber so much
Sweetness, deprive you of your lawfull
Liberty, and rob you of the pleasures due
Unto a Marriage-bed?

Clit. Pray stay, Sir; if I should prove so great
A foole, as to forsake an old stinking Husband
For a rotten friend, how can I be sure you
Can supply the wants you tax in him?

Acut. Your onely way (Mother) is to have him search'd.

Gamb. Well said, spirit, you'll deale upon sure ground.
But, Madam, I hope my presence promises more
Ability, then to permit you to question my
Performance.

Clitto. Sir, blame me not; the experience I have had
In larger promisers, nay, persons that look
More like performers, gives me just cause of doubt.

Gam. Happy disguise, thou wilt discover all!
Then you have traded, Madam.

Clit. That question, as a stranger, savours of impudence,
And deserves my frown: but when I look upon
You as a Lover, I terme it Jealousie.

Gamb. Y'are all courtesie: it is decreed: my head! my
Budding head! I am a Cuckold certain. But
I will urge her to the utmost proof. —— Madam,
To give you a larger evidence of my affection,
I am content to be search't, though my modesty
Would desire one of my sex might have this office.

Clit. Most willingly. Daughter, call *Glisterpipe*.

Gam. Oh torment! there is no room for doubt: a whore for certain.

Clit. Do you pause upon't?

Gam. My love allowes me not so much reason: let
Your request be what it may, if within
My power, and 'tis granted.

Clit. How shall I love that man, that dares make
Good his promise!

Gam. Dare! what *Hercules* e're durst, conceive of me.

Acut. Madam, *Glisterpipe* waites your pleasure.

Clit. 'Tis well: Sirrah, hark hither. —— And when
You have found him a man at all points,
With this knife cut off his virulent faculties.

Gam. How! how! make me an Eunuch?

Clit. Onely no man: when I married, Sir, I vow'd to
Heaven, no man except my Husband should
Enjoy me: you see what pains I take, for you
To lie with me, without infringement of a
Former vow.

Gam. Excellently honest! joy makes me weep; Deare
VVife, pardon me.

Clit. VVhat, my loving Husband turn'd Gallant?

Acut. My Father Courtier? ——

Gam. Onely to trie thee; and I have found thee
Excellent: nay, if thou'lt let none but
Guelt persons lie with thee, I'll never feare
Cuckolding. ——

Clit. I wish that all the actions of my life
Could but convince you of my honesty.

Gam. I am, I am, dear wife, I am, and now with
Unknown Nations I dare trust thee.
Come, weep no more, but let us in and dine,
And drown all jealous thoughts with *Florence*-VVine.

Scœna Secunda.

Rant. Ticket, Glisterpipe.

Rant. NO news from the Doctors VVife?

Ticket. Not a word, nor do I value it; 'tis a *Spanish*
Three pence to a *Scotish* two pence, I ne're more see her.

Rant.

Rant. Yet when thou took'ſt thy leave, thou ſeem'ſt
To be in love deeply with both.

Ticket. True, I can court my ſelf into an affection
At pleaſure; and in their abſence, out of a
Complement forget it.

Rant. Partly of my humor, as to the forgetfull
Part; for 'tis not within my memory, that
I was ever guilty of ſpeaking what I meant to
A woman.

Ticket. In that I am contrary: for whil'ſt I court
An exquiſite beauty, I am ſo tranſported, and
Heightened in my fancy, that for that moment
I intend, and really, what I then utter.

Rant. A certain humouring of your ſpeech; as I have ſeen a *Tragœdian* really weep, in acting a feign'd ſtory, when off the Stage he appear'd as joviall as a drunken Tinker: ſo thou, no Sooner parted from thy Miſtreſs, but art as free from the leaſt touch of love, as Eunuchs of foureſcore from luſt.

Tick. Nay, love will be the death of neither, that's
Certain: for if thou haſt the faculty never to
Be in love, I have the grace to forget I ever was.

Rant. They are good properties, let's preſerve them: thou art I hope convinc'd, tho', that there be ſome handſom Ladies.

Tick. Demonſtration is a clear proofe, Sir: but hang them,
They're ſo flegmatick, they will not do. Ah, in
Fiorenza la bella, Roma la ſanta, a Lady of their
Beauty would have preſs'd halfe a dozen courteſies
Upon a man, whil'ſt we are ſaying Grace.

Rant. Or rather, permitted a man to have preſs'd as many upon them: but do'ſt take Ladies for Oyſters, to fall upon them without ceremony? ha!

Tick. In *Italy* we have not time. Upon my conſcience,
Tedious hollow-hearted courtſhip, and long
Hypocriticall Graces, came up together.

Rant. Faith like enough: but when came your *Italian* locks?

Tick. Fie, a meer abuſe; they have none but natures
Padlocks:

Padlocks.
Believe it, Gunpowder new dried is not more
Diſpos'd to take fire, then a *Venetian* Dame to
Cuckold her Husband.

Rant. London hath as well-diſpos'd free-hearted girles, that love the ſport, and will pay as much for their Husbands dubbing, as a Knighthood would coſt at Court.

Tick. This heightens me: but come they to it readily?

Rant. How doſt mean?

Tick. VVithout much circumſtance, as thus: *Lady, I love you; Sir, you honor me: Madam, I'd lie with you,; Y'are of yeares of diſcretion, pray uſe your pleaſure.*

Rant. Not altogether, till y'are well acquainted.

Ticket. That's ſomewhat yet: there's reliſh in it: but faith what other beauties art acquainted with? I have been a ſtranger to this Climate long; 'tis friendly to impart.

Rant. You finde me no niggard of my delicacies; there is another beauty within my knowledge, no wayes inferiour to thoſe you have ſeen.

Tick. Let's thither ſtreight.

Rant. Your patience, pray hear me out: ſhe is ſo
Chargeable, I dare not look on her paſt once
A quarter, and that at the large
Expence of a twenty pound banquet; kiſs
Her every ſix months, the price whereof is fifty
Pounds: marry when I ſhall be rich enough
To purchaſe her Maidenhead, unleſs twenty
Of us go ſharers,
Is a queſtion as irreſolvable as the coming
Of dooms-day.

Ticket. What an Atheiſt wert thou to conceal this from thy friend; the very miracle of the Land; the onely thing, if true, worth obſervation? in all my travels,
Though I have ſeen hundreds of women, heard of more,
Yet could I never finde ſo politick a VVhore.

Enter

Enter *Glisterpipe* with a Letter.

Rant. That word will excommunicate you.

Tick. You shall instruct me by the way — see, yonder's
The fellow we could not wake: sure he dreames yet.

Glist. Out of one office, and into another: but this
Is my little Mistresses office, who I love superlatively
Well, and she comparatively loves me: But mum,
Here's the Gentleman; I will performe her commands,
And merit her — Sir, though I am no common
Porter, yet for my Mistriss sake, I am become
The particular bearer of her favours.

Ticket. To me, Sir?

Glist. The Letter to you, Sir, her favour's to my self.

Ticket. Present my service; say I most humbly kiss her hands, and that suddenly I'll return her an answer.

Glist. Rest you merry, Gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Ran. Pox, what makes thee frown so?

Tick. Madness, to be deceiv'd: the Devill's not
So great an hypocrite as women are:
I thought I had her sure, sure as this glove
Upon my hand; she promis'd to appoint
The time, and place; but see, the Divell of
Her courtesie was grounded on the hopes
Of my affection unto her Daughter;
To the obtaining of whose dearest love,
She promises assistance, that she'll use
Her Motherly influence and authority:
Bids me withall, not flatter my belief
That she intended any thing of love
As to her self, but onely to instruct
Me in the good opinion she held of me
For a Son-in-law. ——

Rant. Is that all?

Tick. No, here she puts in Postscript, that I may
Continue to the fore-mentioned intent.

My

My addreſſes to her, with this proviſo,
That I her anſwer ſhould receive, as from
Her Daughter, as ſhe would my diſcourſe
Directed to her.

Rant. Why theſe riddles are harder to be interpreted then an Oracle: but why ſhould it trouble thee, who car'ſt not for her?

Tick. Pox, who hates a handſome woman? I love the ſport, though as to the perſon it is indifferent.

Rant. If ſo, 'tis but making a digreſſion from the Mother to the Daughter: for the ſport ſake we'll not looſe the acquaintance.

Tick. I intend nothing leſs: but why court her for her Daughter, I underſtand not.

Rant. Poſſibly ſhe doubts her Daughters peeviſhneſs may ſpoile her fortune; or they may be agreed between themſelves.

Tick. I'll not diſpute, but follow her directions; ſhe may have a further deſigne in it, for my good.

Rant. Faith like enough: ſome women by their tricks,
Merit the Title of Loves Politicks. [*Exeunt.*

Scœna Tertia.

Philoſtratus habited like a Preciſian.

Phil. JOve miſt of this, amongſt the various ſhapes
He did aſſume, to court his Miſtriſſes:
Though it be not amorous, I hope 'twill prove
As fortunate to my deſigns, as I obedient
To my loves command;
Which work't on me this metamorphoſis:
No love's ſo true, but needeth ſome deceit;
For love is ne're without hypocriſie,
Or in it ſelf, or in the means by which
We bring 't about to it's prefixed end.

But

But till this preſent, I am confident,
A garment ſo deceitfull, could not ſhroud
Under its covering ſo true a heart. [*Enter Cælia Matrona.*
See where my love appears, juſt like dayes ſtar
New broken from the Eaſt; nor can that hell-
Contriv'd diſgrace ſo great a beauty hide.
Siſter *Rachel*, you ſhew your pure zeale;
Verily you are praiſe-worthy, in thirſting
And hungering as it were after the edifying
Inſtructions of the elder.

Cæl. It doth behove me verily, to regaine the time that I have loſt in youthfull vanity.

Phil. Your reſolution is religious, and of the ſpirit;
But you are alſo worthy of reproofe, nay verily
Of condemnation, for thus accompanying your
Self with lewdneſs, and antiquity.

Cæl. Brother, your reproofes are ſeaſonable, and I do receive them with the ſpirit of humbleneſs and meekneſs: but who can avoid the temptations, and lewd deceits of the Tempter?

Phil. You ought to flie them, verily you ought, and
Take down the rankneſs of thy fleſh by
Diſcipline, thus. [*He beats Matrona.*

Matr. Oh pray Sir: oh my bones!

Phil. Avoid me then; that is, ſhun me: for thou art the very ſpirit of beaſtlineſs, and beame of iniquity, that keepeth the light of the ſpirit from me.

Matr. Oh, oh! I'm gone: oh, I vaniſh. [*Exit.*

Phil. View not this outward ornament of ſhame;
But look into my heart, that's not diſguis'd;
There ſhall my *Cælia* ſee the ſeale of love
So deeply imprinted on my very ſoule,
That time nor abſence, the two moths of love,
Can ne're diſfigure, much leſs eat it out.

Cæl. How you renew my joyes, by confirming
What was ſufficiently confirmed before,
Your conſtancy of love, which I can never

Doubt and live! for in thy love consisteth
All my life.

Phil. And in thy life, consisteth all my love:
For without thee, love and life are burdens.
'Tis possible I shall die, and thousand
Accidents may cross our love; but that
I shall leave loving thee, so impossible,
I should not credit it from your lips,
Which I believe the Oracles of truth.

Cæl. Enough, I do believe thee: 'tis easie
To perswade me to a faith that I
Would die in. ——

Phil. Faire soul, it is a true one:
I'll breath't upon your lips, and thence receive
The happy seale of Confirmation. [*kiss.*

Cæl. Then I must seale to you the counterpart,
And register them both within my heart.

Phil. What Paradise of pleasures do I taste!
I feele my soul evaporate at my lips;
My heart exalted in the spheare of love,
Shuns any meaner object then thy eyes,
Those two celestiall lamps, beyond the which
There is no other light, nor Paradise
Beyond thy face.

Cæl. How fancy doth delude
The sense! The heaven's neither in thy face
Nor mine, though they appeare the sensuall
Objects of our love; But in our soules there's
Strict conjunction (deerest *Philostratus*)
The unity of hearts; there's the heaven,
The abstract of all joy, our Paradise.

Phil. I know not where it is, nor have I time
To spend i'the search; surely it were needless,
When every part about you is divine.
If I but taste thy lips, I thence do drink
Nectar more choice then *Ganimede* ere fill'd:
If I but touch thy hand, thereon doth dwell

A ſoftneſs ſo divine, the fineſt downe
Of Swans is harſh and foule to: If I gaze
Upon thoſe heavenly eyes, I am worſe dazled
With the reſplendent brightneſs of their light
Then baſtard Eagles gazing 'gainſt the Sun.—
What e're I ſee, touch, taſte, or ſmell, is all
A divine laſting Monument of bliſs.

Cæl. And all, unworthy of my *Philoſtratus.*

Phil. Oh, I could dwell upon thoſe words for ever!
Thoſe ſweet harmonious accents have power
To rob me of my very eſſence; yet
In your love leave me an ample being.
My joyes are now at full.——

Cæl. And therefore muſt decreaſe; for we muſt part.

Phil. Part, my deare *Cælia!* death never had
So harſh a ſound; nor ever made ſo great
A ſeparation.

Cæl. Be not ſo paſſionate, but be rul'd by me,
And I'll invent a way we oft may meet.

Phil. You ſpeak all happineſs.

Cæl. To morrow at St. *Antlins* I ſhall expect
To ſee you: now, farewell. Nay, no reply.

Phil. I do obey, though with a heavy heart.
Adieu, my deareſt life.

Cæl. And I, like *Dido* from her *Turrets* top,
View his departure:
So vaniſhed *Æneas* from her ſight;
The windes blew him, and all her moanes away;
The ſtorme of fortune would not let mine ſtay. [*Exit.*

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Virginio, Blunt, Gambugium meeting them.

Virg. SAve you, Signior *Gambugium.*

Gam. Good day, Sir; excuſe me, I am in haſte.

Virg. I can admit of no excuſes: excuſe me no excuſing;

my Daughter is mad, and lunatick, my onely Daughter.

Blunt. And my onely Mistress, forsooth, Sir,

Gam. If she be, if she be, gentlemen, I cannot
Helpe it; they are not the onely mad women
In the City, be that your comfort.

Virg. I assure you it is no comfort, nor I receive no comfort in it, nor no comfort in your words, do you see?

Gam. Why, good neighbour, what makes you so hot?

Virg. Have I not reason, Sir, to have a Daughter
Whimsied with scruples and Fanatick frenzies,
And after I have lost my breath and leggs
In seeking you out, Master Doctor, to be put off with
A flim-flam? truely I take it extreamely ill.

Blunt. And how do you think, forsooth, I can take it well, when my Mistress is so ill?

Gam. Your Daughter mad, Mr. *Justice*, this Gentlemans Mistriss, and my patient at Court dying; three places at a time? hurry here, and hurry there: can I performe all at once? have I more then one pair of leggs? answer me that, answer me that.

Virg. Good Mr. Doctor, his Mistriss and my Daughter are but one person: me thinks Neighbourhood should be preferred, besides my place of authority: my poor *Celia* is lost, mad, undone; think upon that, good Mr. Doctor, and dispence with your Court-business: it may lie in my way to serve you.

Blunt. Indeed-law forsooth, Domine Doctor, I
May do you a good turne likewise. Father
Forsooth that must be, a double fee will bring it.

Virg. You say right, Mr. *Blunt*, mony will bring any man: here Sir, a fee in hand, another when you see my Daughter, and halfe my estate to cure her.

Gam. These are good Aurators: but it is your friendship I value; you have won upon me.

Enter a Messenger running.

Mess. Mr. Doctor, Mr. Doctor, what do you meane? my Lord's

Lord's a dying unleſs you come immediately: you were ſent for two houres ago.

Gam. Have patience, I'll but look upon Mr. *Juſtice* his Daughter, and go with you.

Enter a ſecond Meſſenger running.

2 *Meſſ.* Why *Jeremy*, you rogue, no further yet? my Lord's a departing, and my Ladies diſtracted, and ſhe ſwears that ſhe would not for a thouſand pound but my Lord ſhould go out of the world skilfully, and die under a Doctor.

1 *Meſſ.* But the Doctor won't come till he hath viewed a Patient hard by: there he ſtands; if you will perſwade him, you may.

2 *Meſſ.* 'S death, ſtand diſputing in a deſperate occaſion? lend's a hand.

Gam. Help, help! murder, rape, murder!

2 *Meſſ.* No, it is you would murder by delaies.

Virg. Gentlemen, why Gentlemen! I command you in the Kings name, what do you meane, a riot?

[*Carry him off the Stage.*

Blunt. They meane, it ſhould ſeeme forſooth, to carry him bodily away.

Virg. Ha, carry him? hath grief made me ſo tame a foole as to let Rogues run away with him?

Blunt. I-ſeaking, forſooth, they were cowards by his running.

Virg. I muſt home, and ſee how affairs go: perſwaſions in the end may work upon her; In the meane time, good Sir, informe your ſelfe of ſome skilfull Artiſt that is acquainted with theſe Lunacies.

Blunt. If *London* afford one, forſooth, nor penny nor pains will I ſpare. I am down-right honeſt, and *Blunt* to an inch.

Virg. I truſt to you; pray let us ſee you often.

Blunt. I ſhall make bold to trouble you, forſooth, as they ſay.

Virg. You know you are welcome, Sir; be vigilant and careful.

carefull, if you love her, it concernes you.

Blunt. Fear not, forsooth: Sir, I will be as watchfull as an Owle by Moone-light.

Scœna Quinta.

Clitiomestra, Acuta.

Clit. I Wonder I have no answer; art sure my letter was delivered?

Acut. Am I sure I live?

Clit. Then me thinks an answer.

Acut. So I think too, and should my self expect it
From any man that doth pretend to love:
But he's a meere Court-butterfly, that buzzes
And flies about each warme beame of beauty
He encounters.

Clit. He courted me with such a vehemencie of ardor, as if his heart were loves furnace.

Acut. The like he did to me, to the same height
As if he had been to Court an Empress:
But 'tis a custom now, a common one,
For every gallant to be thus in love;
To court each female they encounter with,
Pretending love to all, truely to none:
A kinde of breeding, mother, newly landed,
To exercise mens wits, and trie womens
Credulity,——

Clit. But can'st thou think it possible (*Acuta*)
That *Ticket* should dissemble? I have known
Many, whose words held no Intelligence
With their heart, but never any yet
Could change their countenance unto their speech;
Expressing such an ardor in his eyes,
As if they were loves torches; and such a
Sensibility of feeling in his words,

As

As if his heart were pierc'd, or rather chang'd
With love into one ſubſtance.

Acut. Piſh, this is nothing, Mother; for there are
Far greater Artiſts in this new-found love
Now moſt in faſhion and moſt *A la mode*:
Ticket's but yet a Novice.

Clit. It is ſo incredible, I can't believe't;
I thought my ſelf a Miſtreſs in this art,
But were this true, we muſt no more compare
With men for diſſimulation ——

Acut. It were too great a madneſs: for they are
As far, in that, beyond us, as in ſtrength:
By them, 'tis thought a virtue to deceive,
Eſpecially our Sex; they glory in't,
As in plurality of Miſtreſſes,
A ſcore, or ſo, from which, to eaſe their luſt,
They this day ſelect one, next another,
So for halfe a dozen; the reſt are fed
With airy complements, and ſuch flie-blown
Oaths and proteſtations as have been
Thrice pawn'd for ſix-pence, and twice forfeited.
Oh Mother, did you know but mans deceit,
You would not wonder why the Antients
Pictur'd Faith and Truth like women.

Clit. That's the leaſt: but how you ſhould reach
Theſe myſteries, exacts my admiration;
One that I ſtill bred underneath my wing,
That hardly e're convers'd with Gentleman
Beyond *Gliſterpipe*, or the Deputy
Of the Ward, at a Hall-feaſt.

Acut. Alaſs, good Mother, you do many things
My Father little dreames of; are not you
As liable to be deceiv'd by me?
You know not how learn'd your *Acuta's* grown,
Deep read in the hearts of men.

Clit. I'll be thy Diſciple; come, read me a leſſon.

Acut. I will; hear then, and edifie, Mother.

There be five sorts of lovers: onely two
That can be trusted; the rest listn'd to,
But not believ'd: first, the inconstant lover;
He for a time doth love intirely,
Untill a fairer object he doth meet
More pleasing to his eye: this man we stile
A lover upon sight; for unto each
New face, he sacrifices his false heart.
Next, your vaine-glorious boasting lover;
He is dangerous: for when he cannot
Lie with your person, he'll be sure to do it
With your reputation, and
Multiply the smallest atomes of your
Favours to mountains, by the glass of his
Discourse. The third, a Platonick lover,
One that pretends a spirituall mixtion,
To facilitate the incorporating of sense:
He's a kinde of Satan in a white robe,
That with a commandation of your soule,
Extracts the quintessence of your body.
The fourth is a simple jealous lover;
Him you may work unto what forme you please:
His superfluity of love, makes him
Jealous; and his simplicity will not
Let him know of whom: He's constant, and
As obedient as you'd wish a man;
Created for such women as would weare
The breeches. The fifth's the constant lover;
But of them there are so few, and fewer
That can character them unto their worth,
That I may well spare mine.

Clit. But Daughter, where's your lover *A la mode*?

Acut. He's not a perfect species, a mothy mungrell kinde, compos'd of the inconstant and Platonick; I treated of him before.

Clit. Thou did'st, and learnedly; prethee who's thy instructress?

Acut.

Acut. A Lady here hard by, that hath the art
To deale with all theſe ſeverall kindes of lovers
In their own humour.
Clit. I long for her acquaintance: let's thither.
Acut. You wo'n't repent the voyage.
Clit. I'll but fetch my hoods. [*Exit.*
Acut. So, I have almoſt put her off the ſent
Of that musk'd Gallants perfum'd love; could I
But keep them at a diſtance now, or my
Self near them when they ſhall diſcourſe;
It will confirm my Mother woo's for me,
And hinder *Ticket* from diſcovery. [*Exit.*

Actus *Quartus.*

Scœna Prima.

Rant, Ticket, Auſtutia meeting them.

Rant. THis is the houſe, deare *Ticket*; and ſee where comes it's ornament and choiceſt furniture.
Ticket. A heavenly compos'd beauty: Prethee preſent me to her.
Rant. All in good time; ſhe moves towards us. Lady, preſuming upon the greatneſs of your mercy, I take the boldneſs to preſent this friend of mine to your acquaintance, a Gentleman and Traveller.
Aſt. Two good qualities: but I want ne're a Groome,
Though you want much civility, to intrude into
My houſe upon ſo ſmall acquaintance.
Tick. We have us'd too much reſpect, and I believe
More ceremony, then your common trade
Hath been acquainted with: for otherwiſe

You'd better underſtand how to returne
Civilities.

Aſt. Y'are a pretty Gentleman, your friend ſayes,
And a Traveller; you had done well to have
Brought home more manners, and leſs impudence.

Rant. Madam, we came to love, honour, and ſerve you.

Tick. Prethee forbear; fawn not upon her, like
A Spaniel newly beaten: learn of me,
I'll ſhew thee ſtraight the way to handle ſuch
Peeviſh diſſimulation, that beares
A fine appearing gloſs of ſanctity;
But fret and trie it thus, it falls to pieces.

Aſt. Keep off, rude Companion.

Tick. So, this ſmall parcell of hypocriſie
Whileſt you ſtand at diſtance, ſhaking and
Quivering like an *Anabaptiſt* dipt
In *January*, appears chaſte and virtuous:
But tumble her and touze her thus!

Aſt. Out, ſhameleſs impudence!

Tick. You'll quickly finde the brittle ſtuffe ſhe's made on.

Aſt. Sir, If you won't be civill, I ſhall call thoſe ſhall make you ſo: do you take this for a common receptacle?

Tick. The commoneſt thing in *London*, except
The Owner. Come, faith, be not ſo nice; to me
'Tis needleſs; I am ver'ſt in the world, know
What belongs to it: no young heire, Lady,
To be caught with the baite of ſeeming modeſty
In the nooze of wedlock; to me you may
Appeare a woman without danger. Come,
Keep your niceneſs for ſome home-bred Gallant,
Deny him the favour of your hand, whil'ſt
Knowing men thus reape the Nectar of
Your lips, and crop the harveſt of your choiceſt
Pleaſures.

Rant. See, in foure minutes he's arriv'd at more
Then foure years could purchaſe me; he ha's the

Trick

Trick on't; for when she frown'd, as if the anger
Of all her sex were contracted in her browes,
He charg'd her boldly, and upon the first
Assault he won her to more favour, then
All my large expence of time and treasure could
Purchase me. I never was so mov'd before:
Oh my heart! I thought thou had'st been of a
Tougher mould: love ne'r could work upon
Thee, and shall jealousie make thee her triumph?
No, heart, thou shalt break first. But I'll withdraw:
Halfe an houres consideration is to me so catholical
An antidote against the poison of love, as the
Whole Colledge can't prescribe a better.

[*Exit.*

Tick. Madam, You ever oblige me yours; and now
I know the reason of your strict behaviour, do
Approve it, nor shall you ever finde me negligent,
In what may least concern your present service,
Or future fortunes. ——

Ast. Your promises are noble, like your self;
And they no sooner shall be put in act,
Then I be ready to serve you, in such
Manner, as modesty will not allow
Me dress in words. ——

Tick. Madam, I'll take your meaning for your words:
Both are so plain, I cannot miss the sense:
Nor you a Husband long, if I have wit,
Or the least art to compass your designes.

Ast. I dare not question either, yet it will
Require much of both, e're we can bring
Him to a sense of love, much more to think
Of that same Gobbling (as he termeth it)
Matrimony. ——

Tick. Leave that to me, though I think Monsieur *Rant*
A beaten souldier in the war of love:
One, that hath as little faith in women,
As in Atheists; a deep-read scholar in

The deceits and subtilties of the sex:
Yet all these considerations can't
Make me doubt or fear the enterprize;
Which cannot in difficulty equall
My desire to serve you, or will to oblige you.
But I waste time in words, whil'st I should put
In actions my designs: let's first contrive
How we may bring our stratagem about:
He must be taken in the humour, Lady,
That I know; and his are commonly so
Short lived, they'll hardly last
The Ceremony out.

Ast. Then it must be his drunken humor; that will
Last till he be sober.

Tick. Well remembred: for his loving humour alwayes
Attends it; and two humours being of the plurall
Number, will easier admit of the plurality of yours.
But how shall we bring him to this rare pass?
For he's very temperate.

Ast. Bring him you hither, then let me alone; we'll
Drink healths to all the obliging Ladies in Town.
I have good brains; his breeding will oblige him to
Pledge me. I must still help you out.

Tick. Most have need of helping in, Lady; but let that
Pass: expect within this half hour your Gallant,
And then with your assistance, (for without you
I am nothing) I do not doubt to get you a
Covering for your veniall trespasses.

Ast. However, you'll oblige me; I judge not services by
The event. The news?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Mistris *Acasta* with another Lady are come to waite upon you. —

Ast. I attend them presently.

Tick. 'Tis time I were about your enterprize: your servant, Madam.

Ast.

Act. Your ſervant, Monſieur *Ticket.* — Oh theſe men,
How many wayes they ſtrive to compaſs their
Baſe wills! ſometimes they flatter us: with thoſe
I can deale pretty well: for I believe
As ſeldome what they ſay, as they do ſpeak
The true and ſincere meaning of their heart:
Others do ſeek with Jewells, and rich gifts,
For to corrupt our chaſtity; and buy
With droſs a Jewell beyond price; yet theſe
My poverty would ſeek, did not virtue
Supply my meane defect: yet I am forc'd
To play the hypocrite, tho' the wrong way;
Appearing far leſs virtuous then I am,
Remaining virtuous amidſt incontinence.
For ſuch a price I ſet upon the thing
Moſt men do aime at, as hath frighted hence
All vulgar chapmen; others with ſcornes and niceneſs
I have daunted ſo, they dare not urge
A word of love beyond Matrimony.
Thus becoming Miſtriſs of their hearts, their purſe
Is ſtill at my command; yet this contents
Not me; though I be honeſt, I am thought
A whore: beſides, they may grow inſolent,
Witneſs my own brother, though his travell
Hath blotted from his memory my face,
His naturall wildeneſs can admit no change;
For had I not compli'd with his looſe thoughts,
The looſeſt ſtrangers had ſeem'd Saints to him:
But I'll finde time to let him know his fault,
Which with much willingneſs I could forgive,
If he effect my wiſh in *Rants* chaſte love.
I would be gladly Married, 'tis moſt true,
She's hard put to't, that doth begin to woo. [*Exit.*

Scena.

Scœna Secunda.

Cælia, Matrona, Philoſtratus.

Matr. SWeet Miſtriſs, do not proſecute the phrenſies.

Cæl. Why do'ſt diſturb the ſpirit, wicked tempter? but tribulations muſt be borne with patience and meekneſs.

Matr. I had rather beare a handſome young man, as old as I am; there's the beſt tribulation in Chriſtendome.

Cæl. Do'ſt think we are not ſtray'd in the way that leads to the Meeting-Houſe?

Matr. What, to S. *Antlins?*

Cæl. Antlin, thou reprobate! the word *Saint* is ſuperſtitious, and idolatrous; verily I do abominate thy company, for thou art poſſeſt with the ſpirit of prophaneneſs, yea, the very ſpirit of ſuperſtition.

Matr. Poore woman! how ſhe's altered, rather beſotted to this Lunacy! could I but take her a little off the ſpirit, and give her a ſmack of the fleſh, there were ſome hopes. See how ſhe turnes up the eggs of her eyes, like the figure of *Abram* in *Sand*'s ſhow!

Enter *Philoſtratus.*

Phil. Save you, Siſter; I profeſs I am glad, and rejoyce in ſincerity, that the ſpirit hath mov'd you thus early to the convention of the godly.

Matr. Mercy on me! he come? now am I more timorous and fearefull then a Hare that the Hounds had newly caught by the buttocks.

Phil. But Siſter, oh that I ſhould ſee this, that I ſhould ſee you accompanied with the wicked thus! oh! that I ſhould ſee you accompanied with the reprobate, with the very Publican: by yea and nay it is not well.

Matr. How I tremble! he looks as if his zeale would tranſpierce

ſpierce me: there's never a truer Quaker in *Wapping*, then I at this preſent.

Cæl. Verily, brother, the Serpent will purſue me in the ſhape of vanity, tho' I look upon her with the eyes of Reformation.

Phil. My zeale doth foame, yea and boile againſt her: I do abominate antiquity, ſhe looks like the very clay of the beaſt; I profeſs, like a very tradition.

Mat. Now am I in a worſe taking, then a Baily in an Inns of Court.

Cæl. Good brother, pacifie thy ſelfe.

Phil. My zeal's too ſtrong; yea, I am tranſported with indignation againſt that Monaſtickhood; and thus do I tread the Idoll under my feet.

Matr. Oh! good Sir, my hood, my hood!

Phil. Doſt thou ſpeak in defence of abomination? aſſiſt me zeale to chaſtiſe her vanity. [*He beats Her off.*

Cæl. Never were Lovers put to ſuch hard ſhifts
To gaine a moment for entertainment
Of their lawfull loves.

Phil. Never, my *Cælia*: but yet the pleaſure
I enjoy by looking on that face,
The harmonious Muſick of thy voice, joyn'd
With the melody of agreeing hearts,
So far exceed in bliſs the paine ſuſtain'd,
That like a Mother having born a ſon,
I ſtraight forget, when I enjoy thee (ſweet)
Th' anguiſh and affliction of thy abſence.

Cæl. And I, in abſence nouriſh ſtill a hope
Of ſeeing thee, and preſent feare to looſe thee.
My love's ſo ſtrictly wedded to my grief,
They know no ſeparation: if that
At any time they reliſh joy, hope is
The parent to that happy childe, which I
Can never foſter in my breaſt, till it become
Your Pillow.

Phil. Oh that happy day (*Cælia*) that day

Of

Of happineſs, when will it come? is fate
So rigid to deny the knowledge? or Gods
Become ſo mercileſs, to divide two hearts
So much united? or is it their feare
Love ſhould become on earth ſuch an example
As heaven could not parallell?

Cæl. Deare Sir, reclaime your paſſions; our time
Is ſhort, not to be loſt in complement.

Phil. Can time be loſt, that is ſo well employ'd?
And in thy ſweet ſociety is mine.

Cæl. Nor do I think it ſo; I could dwell here
An age to heare thee ſpeak: but fate denies
That happineſs as yet; therefore 'twere fit
Love found out ſome invention, by which
We might more frequently enjoy each others
Company, till time compleate our happineſs.

Phil. Your admonition's timely: I was loſt
In faire affection's maze; ſo tranſported
With my preſent happineſs, that I thought
It might be laſting to eternity.——
But waken'd from this dreame, I do perceive
The houre-glaſs of my happineſs run out:
And how this baſe diſguiſe can recruit it,
To me appears a riddle.

Cæl. 'Tis thus far uſefull; for it diſguiſes
Both our loves, and keeps my father from
Wedding me to *Blunt*, a man I hate, more
Then the worſt diſeaſe the worſt of women
Ever merited.

Phil. But we might chooſe ſome other: what thinks my love of feigning her ſelf ſick, and having me ſent for as your Phyſitian?

Cæl. The cure would be too ſudden, and my joy diſcover all.

Phil. With eaſe you might diſſemble both.——

Cæl. 'Twere eaſier far, to force a feigned joy,
Then ſtifle ſuch a reall one: howe're,

I'll

I'll trie my utmoſt art.

Phil. Do ſo, my *Cælia*, for I Prophetize,
That this device may meet with good ſucceſs.

Cæl. Heavens grant it: you know I need not
Feigne my ſelf ſick, diſtempered, ill at eaſe;
Thy abſence ſtill to me is a diſeaſe.

Phil. Which with my preſence I'll oft mitigate,
And from thy lips drink a preſerving Balme,
That in thy abſence like an Antidote,
Shall keep me from th' infection of deſpaire.

Cæl. I think my love's already a Phyſitian;
For he is perfect in their Dialect.
With earneſt longings, I'll expect to heare
The iſſue of your project: don't abuſe
My expectation with too long delayes.

Phil. Life of my ſoule! aſſure your ſelf I will not.

Cæl. Y'ave play'd too long the Truant, 'tis time
You were about it. ———

Phil. I cannot leave you to go home alone:
Nor dare I wait upon you: part of the way
I will accompany you, untill we meet
Matrona; and then ———

Cæl. Then we muſt part; I underſtand thy look:
Sighs are ſentences in loves Table-book. [*Exeunt.*

Scœna Tertia.

Matrona, Cælia, Philoſtratus.

Matr. WHat, are they gone, or retir'd onely
Into a Coupling houſe! Theſe Familiſts
Are the hypocritical'ſt Letchers in
A Kingdom; their motives of the ſpirit
Alwayes end in the fleſh. Perhaps he hath
Taken her in to catechize; but ſhould
His zealous doctrine begin with an *increaſe*

And multiply, twenty to one but he'll
See the fruit on't within nine monethis, or so.
Well, if these precize meeting-houses be
Not the staples of Letchery, and the
Heralds office of Cuckoldry; there is not
A grain of lust in the composition
Of a woman of my years. 'Tis so; I begin
To smell a notorious Ietcher under
That Ieuten cause: I would not be a Bawde
Without my fee. Well, Monsieur *Purity*,
If thou dost infuse unwholesome doctrine
In thy new Proselyte, and make her swell,
Thou art the most hypocriticall Villain,
That ever made Religion a Cloake
For lust and treason: But here they come.

Enter *Philostratus* and *Cœlia*.

Cœl. Yonder's my Governess.
Phil. I take my leave, tho' with as sad a heart
As vanquisht Kings part with their ravish't Scepter:
Yet mid'st our griefs, this feeble hope remains;
Joyes are still sweetest, after greatest pains:
And every one this maxime will approve,
That expectation is the food of love.
Cœl. Oh! but fruition is affections life;
A Maid's ne'r happy till she be a Wife.
Phil. And Man's imperfect till he leads a Bride,
A halfe-fac'd Medall stamp'd but on one side.
Why should we then through feare, defer this Match,
VVhich would to both such happiness afford,
Render us perfect in each others love,
Or rather with perfection crowne our loves?
Let's to the Temple: why should our body part,
VVhen mutuall vowes have married our heart?
Cœl. Oh *Philostratus*, yield not so much to passion,
Lest you give me occasion to believe you

An

An enemy to virtue and obedience.

Phil. I have done: but since love was cause of my offence, I can't despaire of pardon.

Cæl. I can afford you nothing with more willingness, Except my self; which if you'd soon obtaine, straight Put in act what lately we design'd.

Phil. Y'ave put new heat into me, I flie to the performance. Farewell, and pray for the success.

Cæl. My prayers are never wanting. —— Come, *Tabitha.*

[*Exit.*

Matr. Now to my discovery: good godly Sir, receive the prayers of one, that hath wandred long in the path of ignorance.

Phil. Good woman, your Mistris is gone.

Matr. And would be willingly instructed in the right way.

Phil. Pox, what shall I do with her? I have no time to loose in catechizing.

Matr. Oh listen to my Reformation, the humble desire I have to be instructed.

Phil. I have it —— VVoman, before I can receive thee into the society of the godly, thou must make a publick recantation of all thy errors, and set three Congregationall Meetings upon the stoole of repentance.

Matr. And please your worship.

Phil. Make not an Idoll of me; no creature may be worshipt: but follow me, and see you prove no hypocrite. [*Exit.*

Matr. I care not what I prove, so I discover The secret subject of your close discourse, VVhich I suspect already; but I'll after: If it succeed, I shall grow fat with laughter. [*Exit.*

Scœna Quarta.

Rant, Ticket meeting.

Rant. MOnsieur *Ticket.*

Tick. Your servant, Sir; you did bravely to give Your friend the slip, when you had ingag'd him

In ſo perilous an adventure.

Rant. Ifaith I left you not, untill the Fort
VVas yielded, and you in full poſſeſſion;
I ſtood but as a Cypher, vowing my own
Shame, after ſo many nice refuſalls
And puts off, ſaw the Fort taken, upon
The firſt aſſault; ſhe's a very woman,
And as ſuch beſtowes her favours.

Tick. Y'ave ſpoken much in little, Sir; but I admire
You could be Maſter of ſo large a Faith,
As ever to believe her niceneſs more,
Then a faire vermiſh ſet upon her luſt.

Rant. I did and do believe it reall.

Tick. And that ſhe meerly ſtood upon the ſum
By her excis'd upon her Maiden-head.

Rant. That's part of my beliefe too; and how e're it was
Your fate ſo to reduce her, our firſt onſet
Promiſed but little comfort. ——

Tick. The faireſt omen in the world: give me
A nice behaviour, a rigid Damzell;
For t'ey that do upon themſelves impoſe
A ſtrictneſs of beaviour, more then uſuall,
VVould thereby ſeeme, what really they are not,
Honeſt; and by their niceneſs in carriage
Attract th' ignorant to their devotions ---
VVhil'ſt to others expert, and knowing their
Hypocriſies, they appeare as prodigall
Of their favours, as Politicians are
Of their promiſes they meane not to performe:
And more open, then Oyſters at a full tide.

Rant. I muſt not yield to your opinion, Sir,
Experience plainly ſhews the contrary,
That women are by ſome hid ſympathy
In nature, conſtrain'd to love and fancy
Some few particular perſons, and ſhun
Others, though of far greater merit.

Tick. Flat hereſie, there are inclin'd to all,

In

In their natures moſt inſatiable:
And if to ſome they do appeare more ſtrict,
Their Politick rules of Government conſtrain it;
For they're a Commonwealth among themſelves,
And ſquare their actions out by policie:
Their Maxims teach them when to appeare free,
VVhen nice, when amorous, and when wanton:
Free unto ſuch, whom they ſuppoſe too wiſe,
Or too much lovers of their liberty
To enter into bondage; and nice to thoſe
They fancy maſters of ſimplicity
Enough to take them for their VVives, binding
Themſelves firmely to believe them honeſt,
Whil'ſt they ſhall ſee no other; or if they do,
Their hornes in time may make a circular
Compaſs (like the Rams) about their brows, ſo
Serve for ſpectacles to rectifie their eye-ſight.

Rant. Ha, ha! this is a good raillerie.

Tic. Thou'rt ſo incredulous! Piſh, I can bring thee authentick prooſe that all I ſay is Canonicall.

Rant. It muſt be ocular, good *Ticket*; for leſs
Shall never alter my beliefe: Do I
Not know my ſelf as meriting as thee,
Thy travells ſet aſide? as full of courtſhip,
And no leſs Maſter of audacity?
Nor need my form, my ſtrength, my ſtature, or
My breeding yield precedency to any;
Tho' I confeſs, you do in moſt of theſe excell:
And for my purſe, it has been as open
To that woman as to my ſelf: yet I
Could never from her yet obtain a kiſs,
Not purchaſt at a double rate: and thou
Upon a ſmall or no acquaintance, to
Be admitted as freely to her lips,
As to a Church, for ought I know, unto
Her bed, Pox 'tis a fate, a plaguy deſtinie.

Tick. Heate not your ſelfe ſo much; I heare you, man,

And I

And cannot chooſe but laugh at your ſo fixt
Atheiſticall beliefe; from which, if you
Have any grace, I'll withdraw you: therefore
Know, this woman, this nice preciſe woman,
Hath ſollicited me with earneſtneſs
To procure thee to be her husband.

Rant. Thou doſt but jeſt?

Tick. Refuſe me elſe: and upon this condition, I have
Her promiſe of a nights lodging in reverſion.

Rant. And could'ſt thou conceale this, to betray thy friend?

Tick. No, I came with reſolution to have told thee all, but that thy paſſion caſt upon me another argument.

Rant. Did ſhe think me ſuch an Aſs?

Tick. She did: let me intreat thy patience.
I promis'd to effect her will; at which
She ſeem'd tranſported with her joy: then ſtreight
She laid the plot, that I ſhould bring thee to her,
Where Wine ſhould be prepar'd to make thee drunk;
And in that fit a Parſon ready for
To Marry you: Now I have a device
To turne the plot wholly upon her ſelfe.
But here the Ladies come, hark in your eare.

Scœna Quinta.

Aſtutia, Clittomeſtra, Acuta, Rant, Ticket.

Aſt. I Wiſh the meanes of my fortunes would have afforded you an entertainment equall unto your worths: but what in that was ſcant, your welcome muſt ſupply.

Clitt. There needs no apologie, Madam, where the entertainment and entertainer both appear'd ſo excellent: for my part, I pity my misfortune, in being ſo long ignorant of your worth, and barr'd your rich acquaintance; and therein envy my daughters happineſs.

Acut. Good mother, let's leave complement, leſt we become ſubjects of mirth for thoſe eaves-dripping gallants.

Rant.

Rant. So, 'twill be excellent: the Ladies ſpie us; we'll upon 'em.

Ticket. Your wiſhes upon you, Ladies.

Aſtu. Then you would not be ſo near me.

Rant. Not more near then welcome.

Aſtu. Who told you ſo, good Squire?

Rant. My ſelf, good Madam; I need no Tutor.

Aſtu. I thought ſo, that made you in the wrong: for he that teacheth himſelf, hath none of the wiſeſt maſters.

Rant. The fool thanks you, Madam. —— Lady, ſhall I hold fairer quarter here?

Acu. Nay, if you ſhift quarters ſo oft, I fear you are hardly in a poſture of defence, much leſs to vanquiſh.

Rant. You mean not to aſſault me, Lady?

Acut. Nor be aſſaulted by you: fare ye well, Sir.

Rant. Quick and ſhort.

Aſtu. This 'tis to change: ſeldome comes the better.

Rant. If the beſt be ſo bad, Love defend me from the worſt.

Aſtu. Come, come, as bad as we are, you could make A ſhift with the worſt of us.

Rant. She's pleaſant and free: I like it rarely;
I'll follow the humour cloſe.

Ticket. If that you doubt one ſyllable of what
My tongue ſo largely hath expreſt, you do
Me the moſt ignoble wrong that faithful
Lover ever yet ſuſtain'd. Oh, Madam,
Wer't poſſible you could conceive my love,
The tortures and the pains I do ſuſtain
For you (dear miſtriſs) the continual ſighs,
And floods of tears that trickle from my eyes,
Like to another deluge; drowning all
My joyes at once, except the comfort of
Your name, your ſacred name, which all amidſt
My extaſies of love, I call upon;
You could not be ſo cruel, ſo obdurate. [*He weeps.*

Clit. Alaſs, I pity him: can all this love be feign'd? and yet

yet I fear it is, else he could not so far have slighted me, as not returne an answer to my Letter.

Acu. Remember that, and ben't deluded.

Tick. Can't all these teares dissolve that marble heart,
Able to melt the Adamant it selfe,
And make it pliable as wax i'th' Sun,
Apt to take any forme? oh that your heart
VVere so, so fit for loves impression!

Clit. Pray no more; You disturb your self, and me.

Acu. A painted fire may delight the eye,
Or flutter afar off the deceiv'd hopes
Of a cold frozen wretch; but when approach't,
Affords no heat, nor light: such is your love,
In first appearance fair, and passionate;
Your tongue seems full of heat: but Sir, your heart
Is like a frozen clod of ice, floating
Upon dissimulations sea, and fails
All such as tread upon that slippery pavement.

Tick. Madam, Your Daughters speech doth add such Seas
Of griefe unto my soule, that now I finde
My selfe but in a bad condition
Farther to plead my love; pray think upon't;
Such love comes seldome, and ought not to be refus'd.

Clit. VVhat were I best do?

Acu. If that you have a minde to loose your selfe,
And more then is your selfe, your honor, confide
In that inconstant man.

Clit. I'll never think on him.

Acu. Study to forget him: see, he's courting *Astutia*.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Clit. They're very merry; we'll mix company.

Tick. VVith me, Lady?

Acu. Yes, Sir: I understand you court me by Atturney,
And therefore out of pitty I informe you, your
Love goes many miles about, nor does't become
A Gentleman to court the parents liking first,
And so impose a violence upon a Virgins love.

Tick.

Tick. Madam, I must confess my love's to you;
And yet I hope I have not far transgress'd
By courting you in the person of your
Mother; since 'tis according to her own
Directions; and I believ't, with your approbation.
Acu. There's no such matter, Sir; for I expect
Peculiar addresses to my selfe,
From any man that hopes to make me his.
You did begin that way.
Tick. All shall be mended, Lady.
Acu. That at your own discretion.
Rant. Three Ladies is too much odds. I was well match't before.
Tick. Take courage, man; I'm come for to relieve thee.
Astu. 'Twas well you did; for he was talking here,
To match his wit; and in good truth 'twas such
A tired Jade, that none could match it.
Tick. Then 'twas a matchless wit.
Acu. Or rather, there was no wit to be match't.
Rant. Good Ladies, let my wit alone, and make
Use of my body, that will match ye all.
All. Ha, ha, he!
Ast. If it were dipt in brimstone, it were a rare match.
Acu. To fire all the farthing-candles in Towne.
Rant. Or what is of less value, Woman.
Astu. An excellent halfe-farthing jest!
Acu. Had it been less, it had been worth just nothing.
Astu. Not worth the wart upon his nose.
Rant. Y'are very pleasant, Ladies, with me and my
Nose; but I have a better thing at your service.
Astu. But is it sound, Sir?
Acu. A question well urg'd.
Rant. I warrant you, Virgins; and in few moneths
'Twill brace your bellies so hard, that
They shall sound too.
Astu. Now ye speak a Language we understand not.
Rant. Come, I'll interpret.

Tick. Madam, you anew create me: I'll neither faile the time, nor place.

Clit. You see the power of your Courtship, Sir;
Therefore pray impute my yielding to
Your high merit, and not my levity.

Tick. All your actions are so bountifull, they
Can admit no bad construction.

Clit. I relie upon your nobleness, Daughter.

Acu. I attend your pleasure.

Tick. Madam, my service.

Rant. 'Tis pitty such beauties should go home unaccompanied.

Clit. We are almost there; I pray excuse us.

Rant. Lady, shall I lead you?

Acu. When I am blinde I'll send for you:
A Dog were worth money then. [*Aside.*

Ast. Your servant, Madam.

Rant. I'll follow, though it be but for another jeer.

Astu. Nay Sir, I must crave your patience, for the exchanging of a word or two.

Tick. I am your creature, Madam, you may command me.

Ast. Do you perceive nothing in this face, that
May instruct your memory who I am?

Tick. Trust me, no; yet your beauty would
Challenge a remembrance, though I must stile
My selfe so much infortunate, as to
Acknowledge this the second day of our
Acquaintance. —

Astu. Nay, let us lay by complement, and now
Be serious: possibly as a stranger you may
Not deale so faithfully in my service, as
I could wish.

Tick. Madam, I do beseech you credit me
A Gentleman, and that it is not my
Profession to practice such deceit,
Especially unto a beauty of your excellence.

Astu. Trust me, I cannot be too cautious, Sir,

In

In what ſo much concernes me as this match,
The onely hope, on which my fortunes have
Dependency: the efore I thought it good
To let you know, how well I was acquainted
With you once, and deare in your Fathers
Thoughts as you.

Tick. You won't confound me! with me acquainted?
Sure you miſtake the man: for I have been
Abſent from *England* more then ſeven yeares:
Beſides, my Father, to whom you do pretend
You were ſo deare, is now ſome ten yeares dead;
And then you ſcarce could have the uſe of reaſon.

Aſtu. I muſt confeſs all your aſſertions truths,
Which needs muſt verifie what I affirm.
You had a Siſter, whom you did ſend,
Two yeares after your father died, beyond
The Seas for breeding, to a Nunnery,

Tick. I do remember well that fatall truth.
Madam, for charity do not renew
That loſſes grief. O poore *Clariana!*
She periſht in the voyage by a wrack,
Which mournefull tidings did ſo much afflict
My heart, I took no comfort in this land,
And thereupon I did reſolve to travell.

Aſtu. Then for to eaſe you of that griefe, let me
Aſſure you, that your Siſter ſcap'd the wrack,
Swimming upon a plank to *Dovers* Sands.

Tick. Oh happy news! But know you where ſhe is?

Aſtu. Do you ſee this Casket?

Tick. It was my Siſters, Madam, left her by our
Mother on her death-bed.

Aſt. Then know me for that Siſter.

Tick. As ſuch I lovingly embrace you,
And do believ't. One confirmation more;
Let's ſee your arme: 'tis ſo, the very mold.
My deareſt Siſter, welcome.

Aſtu. I'm glad to ſee you, Brother, and yet ſorry

To see you still so wilde, these courses in the end
Must ruine you.

Tick. No chiding, Sister; youth will have its swindge:
My wilde Oates must be sown, then I'll appeare
As grave as a new-shav'd Senator; prethee
Tell me the circumstance of thy escape,
And how thou hast lived these seven yeares.

Astu. Honest, and still a Maid; let that suffice:
The rest you may know hereafter. But to
Our business now, concerning *Rant.*

Tick. I wish you had made this discovery sooner.

Astu. Why, what makes you look so pale? have
You discovered my design? if so, thou hast
Eternally undone me: for without him,
However to him I have been severe,
I cannot live.

Tick. Now must I lie, or shew my self a Rascall.
Fie, fie, wipe your eyes, be not so passionate.
As I am an honest man, I told him nothing:
But as I was a knave I told him all. [*Aside.*
Yet in my opinion there were no great
Loss of him, considering his wilde conditions.

Astu. I am not ignorant of them; yet do not doubt,
My love will teach me patience to reclaim him.

Tick. Why think him then thy own; go in, and
Get a Priest in readiness.

Astu. I shall obey you, Sir.

Tick. Now have I more businesse, then a Lawyer
In a *Michaelmas* Term, though much less time
To effect it; first I' oblige the Doctors wife
With the manly courtesie of a nights lodging;
The which must recompence the hopes I loose
In this that proves my Sister; then little
Acuta, she would be nibling too:
The Rogue loves me, yet willingly would have
The cloake of Matrimony cast o're her lust:
A foolish promise, or two, will satisfie

Without a Priest, her scruples. Then my last,
To make a match between my sister and
Sweet Monsieur *Rant*, will prove my master-piece:
But I loose time, which is too precious now.
Fate give my sisters love success, and then
Though I miss mine, they can finde other men.

Actus *Quintus*.

Scoena Prima.

Blunt, Philostratus like a physitian, Virginio.

Blunt. YOur recommendation's good, very good, from a good friend of mine.

Phil. Besides the friendship, Sir, 'tis charity
To be assistant to a stranger. All
I desire at present, is your good word:
And if you chance to know of any person
Infirm of any desperate disease,
Such as your *London*-Doctors have given o're,
I doubt not but to cure them, at least
To give them ease.

Blunt. Excellent, a man sent by providence.
But Sir, such desperate diseases, on
Your first triall, should you miscarry,
Would quite discredit you.

Phil. From such hard tasks,
Men gaine opinion of what they are:
Upon my life, I'll not discredit you;
For I have such prophetick knowledge, Sir,
Of the malignity of each disease,
That viewing the patient only, I can ghess

To a haires breadth, whether the diſeaſe be
Deſperate, or cureable.

Blunt. Let me embrace you: I have occaſion
To employ you ſtraight; and if you proſper in't,
You make me yours for ever. I am plaine,
Sir, *Blunt* as my name; but many that
Expreſs more, may not perhaps reward
Your paines ſo well as I may do.

Phil. I am not mercenary; if I can do you any
Good, the ſervice will requite it ſelfe.

Blunt. The honeſteſt Phyſitian I ere met with!
In ſooth I'll beare you to your patient ſtraight,
A faire one, I'll aſſure you, and my Miſtriſs:
If you cure her, you may command two
Purſes, her fathers and mine.

Phil. You ſpeak nobly.

Enter *Virginio.*

Blunt. And ſee, he comes as ſent for: what cheere,
Forſooth? How doth my Miſtriſs, and your
Daughter? ———

Virg. Never worſe, Mr. *Blunt*, never worſe.

Blunt. Doth ſhe continue her Fanatick vein?

Virg. No Sir, but worſe, ſhe's wheel'd about to the
Antipodes, turn'd Princeſs in conceit,
And expects ſtrange Embaſſadors from the
King of *Morocco*, to fetch and Marry her
By Deputie.

Phil. Her diſtemper's high; but ſurely caus'd by love.

Virg. What Gentleman is that?

Blunt. A skilfull Doctor, forſooth, new come from
Padua, I had provided for your Daughter.

Virg. You ſhew your love; but ſhe's paſt recovery.

Phil. Tho' I affect not to be a Trumpet of my skill,
Yet charity compells me to informe you, that
Your Daughter may be curable, if her diſtemper

Be

Be no more then you deliver; nor will it prove
The most desperate cure I have effected.
Virg. Good Sir, I do believe you a great Artist;
But I'm old and passionate: use your best
Skill; and if you can restore her to her
Former senses, make you your own conditions,
My purse shall seal them.
Phil. Not for your Money, Sir; but for the Love
I bear this Gentleman, and's honoured friend,
Who recommended me unto him, I'll do
My best, and that I hope will make you bless
Your Stars you ere imploy'd me. I desire
I may have liberty, and all things else
Provided the cure may require——
Virg. Nothing shall be wanting. But we delay: come,
Mr. *Blunt*, 'tis time we were about it.
Blunt. Come, good Mr. Doctor.
Phil. Your servant, Sir. I follow. [*Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Acuta with a Letter, and Glisterpipe, Clittomestra.

Acut. CArry this Letter to my Mother, sirrah.
Glis. Fine, and familiar; good signs of affection I.
I must be diligent; from whence comes it?
Acut. That I know not: a Porter left it here even now,
Dispatch't, and give't my Mother; it may require
A hasty answer.
Glis. With expedition, forsooth. [*Exit.*
Acut. So, if't hit, I'm made: altho't hinder
My Fathers making, I mean a horned Beast,
It may make me a wife, preserve my mother
Honest; these are the vertuous ends to which
I fram'd that Letter as from *Tisket*. Virtue,
As thou dost know my ends are just, so give

Success.

Succeſs to my deſigns. See, here ſhe comes, [*Enter Clit.*
Hooded and maſk'd. So, ſo; my plot hath hit.

Clit. Daughter, I am going a little way: if in my abſence
Your Father ſhould return, ſay I was ſent for to a woman in
labour.

Acut. Or rather, that you are gone unto a man's. [*Aſide.*
But you forget your promiſe.

Clit. Piſh, I finde he's an inconſtant man; I think
Not on him now.

Acut. In that y'are wiſe; I told you ſo at firſt.

Clit. My buſineſs requires haſte: farewel, *Acuta.*

Acut. Farewel, dear mother: if the empty Air
Be pleaſant food to feed your longing with,
Your luſtful appetite may ſurfeit on't:
I grudge it not. How ſlily cunning ſhe
Appear'd in hiding from me what my ſelf
Deſigned, onely to fruſtrate her wicked ends!
But I with Monſieur *Ticket* will keep touch,
And meet him at his own appointed place,
In the *More-fields*, the whilſt my mother
At *Iſlington* doth feaſt her ſelf on hopes,
And eat Stew'd-Pruands for reſtoratives.
Ha, ha, he! the fancy how it pleaſes me!
But I muſt to my task; ſhe gains a prize
That picks a vertuous Husband out of vice. [*Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Ticket, Rant, Aſſutia.

Tick. HOw doſt feel thy ſelf?

Ran. This wench hath given me a ſhrew'd hearing; my brains begin to turn like tumblers, and do the Summerſet in my ſcull: I wonder ſhe continues ſober.

Tick. Cuſtom hath rendred it a ſecond nature to her: but by my faith, friend, you ſhall drink no more, ſince it doth ſo diſturb you.

Rant.

Rant. Piſh, 'tis nothing: a little heats me.

Tick. If 't be no more, you'll do your work the better, a little wins the ſoule of Venery, and makes a man all fancy. But did'ſt thou marke with what a canonicall countenance and ceremony the fellow ſeem'd to marry you? he lookt ſo ſuperciliouſly, I ſcarce knew him for my man.

Rant. Faith he would have deceiv'd any: but to ſee
The wench, ſhe ſtands upon it now, as
If ſhe were ſome Votary: ſhe won't go to bed
Forſooth at undecent houres, and brides it
As much as my Lady Mayoreſs at a Coronation.

Tick. But the jeſt will be, boy, after thou haſt
Enjoy'd her, and I my promiſe (for we muſt
Not diſcover before) what a pickle ſhe'll
Be in! ———

Rant. Ha, ha, he'l the pretty faces ſhe'll make!

Ticket. VVhen ſhe findes her ſelfe deluded, by being one whore, in ſtead of your wife, by my faith a great deſcent.

Rant. Certainly ſhe'll gaule her tongue with ſcolding,
And batter down the wall of her mouth,
I meane her teeth, with the thunderbolt
Of her exclaimes.

Tick. Nay, we muſt expect lightening too; for ſhe's
A Serpent, and can ſpit fire.

Rant. Howere, I'll ſtand her boldly; I believe the
Breach is made to my hand. But now we
Talke of broken commodities, art not thou
To meet the Doctors wife to night?

Tick. I am; but I'll ſee thee incircled within
Aſtutia's armes firſt, and then I'm for her.

Rant. Faith *Ticket* I muſt have a reverſion there; 'tis
Juſtice, Wench for Wench: beſides, thou art to
Have a taſte of my red Deare; and Veniſon is
A meat to pleaſure friends with.

Tick. Marry here, I take pains for you, and my
Selfe too; in th' other venter, for my ſelfe
Onely: and could'ſt thou have the conſcience
To reap the harveſt of all my labours,

And never take pains to ſowe?

Rant. Deare *Ticket*, I onely deſire the gleanings, and thoſe are allowed to idle perſons: then conſider who entred you into that acquaintance: good turnes would be remembred.

Tick. And ſhall: if this wench can't allay your heat, th'other's at your ſervice.

Rant. VVhy now thou ſpeak'ſt nobly, like a worthy engroſſer of Mutton: but mum, here comes my mock-bride; oh ſhe paces admirably well!

Tick. She'll trot and jolt anon: a through-pac'd wench, I warrant thee. [*Enter Aſtutia.*

Rant. Sweet, are you come to haſten me to bed?

Aſtu. The nights are long, Sir, and you may no doubt
Finde time enough, before *Aurora* doth
Unvaile her face, to make you weary of
Thoſe ſports your expectation flatters you
Withall: Marriage is a holy thing,
And all it's Rites, Sir, are to be perform'd
With ceremonious and due reſpect.

Rant. But Deare, the Ceremony now is o're:
Since that the Prieſt hath ti'd our hands, and love
Our hearts; what can remaine, but that we taſte
Thoſe lawfull ſweets, which *Hymen* doth allow
His votaries?

Tick. Madam, indeed 'tis late; for night begins
To ſpread her ſable Canopy o'er the Earth.

Aſtu. Sir, I am all obedience: if it be
Your pleaſure thus early to go to reſt,
I am your ſervant now, and muſt obey:
All that before I ſaid, I pray excuſe:
A fond deſire to retaine a while
My Virgin-ſtate, reprieve my Maiden-head,
Made me contend; no diſobedience
To your will, which ever ſhall be mine
In all that's good, or but indifferent;
So ſtrictly knit to yours, that none therein,
Though envy lent them eyes, ſhall ere diſcerne
A difference.

Rant. What pity 'tis she is a whore!
Were she honest, and thus obedient,
She would grow up a President for wives,
And be a woman born to make men happy.
But she is light, and therefore shun'd the light:
For whil'st day peept, her deeds of darkness
Durst not shew their face, nor shew her lust.
Why do I terme it so? to me 'tis not:
For she enjoyes a husband in her thoughts,
Whil'st I do knowingly embrace a VVhore;
Yet is her promise to my friend no wayes
Excusable; see, she drives the bargain:
A man were well holp up with such a wife:
They toy: 'twas well the Marriage was in jest.
I like my armes, and would not change my crest.
Deare, let's not waste such precious time: to bed,
There let us loose our selves in one another,
And raise our pleasures up to such a height,
The gods themselves may envy at our bliss.
Come, is the Posset made?

Tick. To what purpose? here are no aged Matrons to mumble the curd between their gumms, and read a baudy lecture to your bride, till laughter makes them foame at mouth again. A Posset? none but an Antiquary would have ask't for such an apocryphall meate, as antient as Rebellion it selfe. Faith a Tub full of graines will be as rich geere to make a Protectorian frollick, and liquor Sattin Gownes with.

Rant. Thou art such a modish Zealot, and such an
Enemy to old fashions and customes, I wonder
Thou lovest women so, a thing in fashion
In old *Adam*'s dayes.

Tick. And so were Cloaths; yet still their fashion
Changes; so nature varies beauties; sometimes
Long visages are *à la mode*, sometimes round, then
Broad, triangle, ovall; any forme that is
In present use, and most esteeme, fancie
Decrees for fairest.

Rant. Thy reasons are unanswerable: I submit,

And will ſteale as ſilently to bed as a Zealot
To his brothers wife when he's aſleep.

Tick. Get you gone then and be naught together;
You looſe much time. Had I ſo ſweet a Bride,
I would prevent the morning, which within
Few houres will appeare to chide your dulneſs.

Rant. Faith we're to blame: come, deare, let's in
To bed, for feare the God of Marriage grow
Incens'd. — *Ticket*, good reſt, and pleaſing dreames. [*Exit.*

Tick. You have the pleaſing ſubſtance, Sir, make
Much on't. So, this happily is diſpatch't:
Now to my Doctors wife; I hope ſhe'll prove,
Though not a lawfull, a ſweet prize of love. [*Exit.*

Scœna Quarta.

Virginio, Philoſtratus, Blunt, Cœlia.

Phil. SHe's extreamly tainted, Sir, that's certain;
And her diſtemper ſtill growes higher.

Virg. I ſee it does, Sir, to my griefe I ſee it.
Never was man like me unfortunate,
T'have but one childe, one comfort in my age,
And to have her diſtracted, mad. Heavens,
How did my youth offend, that on my age
You do inflict ſo cruell and ſevere
A puniſhment? [*Weeps.*

Blunt. Have patience, forſooth: Mr. Doctor, ſpeak ſome comfort to him.

Phil. I wiſh I could; and yet I don't deſpaire
But that time and healing medicaments
May cure her diſtemper, and reſtore
The Lady to her priſtine health.

Virg. Oh! never Sir, 'tis not within
The power of art, to render me ſo happy.

Blunt. Oh ſweet Miſtriſs *Cœlia!*

Phil. Sir, be of cheere, I may have yet in ſtore
Something may comfort her. Alaſs, I pitty you,

And

And participate your grief: we must have time
To observe and marke her severall distempers;
For each distraction hath its severall cause,
And every cause produceth an effect,
By which 'tis known; and a disease once known,
You know's halfe cured.

Virg. VVould hers were so: the little hope I've left
Is in your art, pray use your utmost skill.
Command me and my purse for a reward.

Phil. Sir, if my life would cure her, I would not set a price on't; but let's observe, she comes, and in her fit.

Enter Cœlia, *richly, but phantastically habited: Servants.*

Cœlia. Set us our Chaire of State, and o're our head erect a Chrystall Canopy, all full of Diamond-stars, whose lustre may blinde bleere-ey'd Astronomers to gaze upon.

Phil. In her Princely straine, we must observe her gestures and her speech, and calculate by them the cause of her distemper.

Blunt. Let me alone to watch; I'll be as vigilant, as an Informer in Lent.

Cœlia. Me thinks our Court's too meane, not rich enough
To entertain the love of such a Prince.

Phil. Love is one cause, marke that.

Cœlia. But we will have most glorious ornaments;
Our walls and pavements all of beaten gold;
Love in a fiery chariot shall descend,
And with his flaming beames transpierce his heart,
VVhil'st I on gaudy *Iris* back ascend
The clouds, and gloriously eclipse the Sun.
How can my love be absent? — hark, hark,
I heare him come in *Charles* VVaine, lumbring
Through the Clouds, before we are prepar'd.
Turrets and Galleries we must have built;
And Arches carv'd in one intire stone.

Phil. Mark the effects of pride; yet still relating to her love.

Virg. Poor *Cœlia!*

Cœl.

Cæl. Pillars of Pearle, and lofty Pyramids
Of Diamonds, upon whose spires shall be
Erected, with sacred and mysterious art,
A Saphire prospect to orelook the world.
Next, will I have a heaven made of Chrystall,
And womens hearts all adamant; the mens
Vulcan shall forge of his refined steele,
That they cleave in one and never part.
'Tis well you know your distance. See my commands
Be executed all, you are my surveyor. —

Phil She cooles, and growes more temperate.

Cæl. Why should I not have him, him that I love?
Obedience, love, duty, affections;
Oh you discordant contrarieties!
What a confusion do you breed within
My fancie, and keep a strugling for the
Mastership!

Phil. Now she discourses somewhat sensibly;
Her rank distemper certainly is love,
My art much fails me else; which not enjoy'd,
Worse frenzie followes, in the end her death,
Which Physicks skill wants power to prevent.

Virg. It is too incredible to gain belief:
Yet with my heart I wish it were no worse,
Then might I hope a remedy, which now
Alas is desperate. She love! poor Girl,
Love knows not such an enemy as her:
She hath with tears besought me on her knees,
When I've presented Husbands to her choice,
That I'd dispence with her obedience,
And leave her to her Virgin-happiness.

Phil. I must confess 'tis strange.

Blunt. And when, forsooth, I offer'd my love, and service,
You would not think, forsooth, how she slighted it!

Phil. All that may be, Sir; y'are inclin'd to age;
And possibly the lovers tender'd by
This Gentleman unto his daughters choice
And liking, little agreeable unto

The

The Ladies fancy, which is the womb of love.
You may believe me Master of a confidence
That sorts not with true art, to build upon
Conjectural speculations: But when
You shall understand my chiefest skill lies
In Physiognomy, which is the Index
Of the Minde, that through observation
I have learnt the radical cause of such
Distempers, you cannot blame me if I desire
You would bethink your self, or have her askt
Concerning these particulars.

Virg. These three years I dare answer for her: indeed some four years since I do remember a proper Gentleman, but much in his estate decayed, made tenders of his love; I therefore thought him not a match for her, no more did she.

Phil. If it might not be too great boldness, I should crave his name.

Virg. He call'd himself *Philostratus*.

Cœl. Philostratus! he is not here; why do
You mock me thus? yet he is too unkind
That will not come and see his *Cœlia* die.
My soul is fleeting in an Airy Chariot
Directly to *Elyzium*; but I'll
Soon return, and hant my *Philostratus*.

Phil. Now you'll approve my art.

Virg. 'Tis more then humane!

Phil. Her infirmitie's plain: if you esteem her life at any rate, you may preserve it.

Virg. Value her life! oh, Sir, don't question it:
Were *Philostratus* poorer then he is,
And that his marriage could but cure her;
I'd embrace his alliance with more joy
Then if *Cræsus* store flow'd in his Coffers.

Blunt. I hope you will not make an Ass of me, Forsooth, I have your promise.

Virg. Always provided that you got her consent: which not obtain'd, my promise, Sir, is void. Good Mr. Doctor, inquire out this man, this *Philostratus*; let us not neglect the means that may restore her.

Phil.

Phil. Sir, I go:
But would be willingly assur'd before,
That you will ratifie the match: for
Tho' he's a stranger to me, I'd be loth
To do a Gentleman such injury,
As to revive an almost-quencht affection
With hopes, that would not prove realities.
Virg. Oh doubt it not! I love my child too well:
Yet to confirm your faith, list to my vow:
If that the Gods restore my child to health,
By means of Philostratus, *or his love;*
I swear by Styx, *that oath of dreadful awe*
Amongst the Gods, which they durst never break,
Philostratus *shall have my full consent*
To take her for his Wife: of which fixt vow
Heaven and you are witness.
Phil. I thank you, Sir, and now crave performance.
Virg. Are you *Philostratus?*
Phil. The same, Sir,; and for your Daughter,
With this kiss I cure her distemper.
Virg. I am all wonder!
Blunt. And I all fool, to bring a Doctor to wipe my nose.
Cæl. Your pardon, gratious father; it was love
That made me counterfeit this Lunacie.
To gain your free consent, and yet preserve
My duty and obedience.
Virg. I am so glad to see thee thus recover'd,
I want wards to express my joy:
But take him, Girl, thou hast deserv'd him well.
Philostratus, I need not doubt thy love,
Which hath continued so many years
(Almost without hope) constant: such love
Must prosper; take her, *Philostratus.*
Phil. Welcome, dear blessing: with far greater joy
Do I receive thee into my bosome,
Then malefactors at their deaths reprieves.
Cæl. My joy's too great to be express'd in words;
My fancie and my love too high. The Gods

As-

Affect not heaven more then I *Philostratus*;
For which rich gifts (deare Father) I do owe
You more, then for my birth.

Virg. And may the gift be worth it, and thou him:
The promises are fair on both sides. Let's
To Church, and solemnize your loving Rites.
Mr. *Blunt*, come, cheere up, man; thou wert
My choice, but none can war with fate:
Howe're, be merry at the Wedding, man;
There be more wives i'th' world.

Phil. And here comes one of equall yeares to fit him.

Blunt. Sweet *Cælia!*

Cæl. My Governess, and dripping! sure she hath been new dipt.

Matr. For love of you: but I'll make no more discoveries: a precise Rascall, like an unconscionable villain as he was, set me upon a tub of water for a stoole of repentance, upon which my devotion cooling, I fell asleep; and nodding, tilted backwards into the water; up went my heeles and so I made a discovery.

Phil. Of the *Netherlands.*

All. Ha, ha, he!

Phil. If you be a charitable man, warme this piece of devotion; that is, marry her; she'd prove both a Wife and a Nurse: the last you want most.

Blunt. I would do much, I can tell you, to ge even with you: I have been fob'd of one wife already.

Cæl. You may venter here with safety, with assurance: none will rob you of her; and I am sure my Governess is kinde-hearted.

Matr. I would not forgoe a good turne; but I am glad to see you come to so well, Mistris.

Virg. Come, let it be a Match, and all to Church together.

Phil. I see he's well inclin'd: silence consents. You'll have a cleane Bride of her, she hath been well wash't.

Matr. Oh that Rascall! could I but light on him. —

Phil. Do not raile upon him; he has almost done you that good in satisfaction, by procuring you a rich Churle for a

Husband, as may make you bleſs him all dayes of your life.

Matr. Was it you, Sir?

Phil. No matter; I, or one in my Coat: at dinner I'll relate all paſſages.

Virg. I do ſuſpect mad prankes. Son, take your Bride. May nought but death this union divide.

Blunt. Nay, Miſtriſs, we'll make up the ſecond couple; a Compleate match, i' faith.

Virg. Why wel ſaid, Neighbour, now I like it; you go Roundly to the buſineſs.

Blunt. I can do it home, I can tell you. You will make an obedient wife?

Matr. Yes, and pleaſe your worſhip.

Phil. This is right Love, and Courtſhip *A la mode*. Lady, will you marry me? yes Sir, with all my Heart: but for obedience, you ſhould have left it Till you came to Church, where ſhe perhaps would have Left it behinde her.

Virg. We loſe much time: come, Lovers let's away; For *Hymen*'s Rites admit of no delay. [*Exeunt.*

Scœna Quinta.

Enter *Rant*, *Aſtutia*.

Rant. My Wife! I ſcorn't: thou common Waſtecoateer, And mercenary receipt for luſt, do'ſt think I had ſo little wit to marry thee? Thou poore abuſed foole.

Aſtu. I thought you had more honeſty, then to Deny your Wife; at leaſt more Manhood, then To uſe her ſcurvily, unlike your ſelfe. You know I am no whore; you had my Maiden-head.

Rant. Yes, the nineteenth reverſion: do I Not know your tricks to couſen men, Your ſurphling water, and a thouſand more, Which I conceale for modeſty? Or be it granted that thou wert a Maide, Will that ſtrengthen a Marriage made in ſport, By a poore ſilly ſerving-man?

Aſtu.

Astu. I still am patient; but much I feare
You'll finde it otherwise: and when you know
That I am *Tickets* Sister, a pure Virgin,
That never yet knew one dishoneſt thought,
Nor any crime, but too much love to you,
Sure you'll repent my wrongs.

Rant. How, *Ticket*'s Sister! how dar'ſt thou thus
Abuſe me, abuſe my friend, and know
Thou haſt a life within my power?
Oh impudence of women! did'ſt thou not
Promiſe him to make this match?
The neareſt courteſie that woman e're
Afforded man.

Astu. I did, yet with no bad intent, knowing
I could at any time acquit my ſelfe,
By letting him know I was his Sister.

Rant. Still doſt perſiſt in thy moſt damned untruths?
I would my friend were here, that we might take
A full revenge upon thy impudence.
How now? the news. *Entr. Porter.*

Port. I have a Letter to your Worſhip.

Rant. From whence?

Port. The contents will notifie.

Deare Brother (for ſo my Sister now hath made you) I deſire yours and her company inſtantly at the Poes head in Morefields, *where I ſhall largely ſatisfie you of all particulars touching your Marriage: you have got a noble Gentlewoman, uſe her as ſhe deſerves, nobly; uſe her as my ſiſter, lovingly, as you will preſerve the good opinion of*

Your affectionate Brother, *Ticket.*

Short, and ſweet! I am Married, it ſeems;
Jugled into Matrimony without
My knowledge; a VVedding *A la mode.*
Brother *Ticket*, if you are not really
My brother, but have Married me to one
Of your Aunts; here's that ſhall do me reaſon:
And Lady Bride, your policy ſhall ſmart for't.

Astu. But if you finde I really am ſo,

Sister to *Ticket*, and a wife to you;
VVhat satisfaction ought you then to make
My innocence, for so abusing me,
Abusing her, that lov'd you, lov'd you
Beyond reason, beyond measure?

Rant. If thou prov'st all this, I will forgive thee,
And that's a favour, because thou married'st me
VVithout my owne consent: 'twas plaguy neate,
A cleane conveyance, carried on with wit:
I fancy it hugely, and I fear I shall love thee;
For I begin to have a good conceit
Of thy honesty: me thought my last
Nights lodging smack't and savour'd of the maidenhead.
Let's to thy brother now, if he be so;
He shall be still my friend, if not, my foe.

Astu. He will confirme this truth, and that you are
My lawfull husband, that I won you faire. [*Exeunt.*

Scœna Ultima.

Acuta, Ticket, Gambugium, Rant, Astutia.

Tick. Methinks 'tis a fine fresh air.

Acu. I am weary of air; *I* would have some reality.

Tick. Thou'dst have thou knowst not what. Have I not vow'd a thousand times that *I* love thee? sworn Oaths that would induce an Atheist to belief? Nay, have I not proffer'd to stamp my seal upon the virgin-wax? what wouldst have more?

Acut. I'd have thee honest, that is, make good thy vows,
And marry me: thou seest the hazards *I*
Have run, to save my mothers honour, and
Thy soul; hazarded my own dear fame.
What think you Rumour will deliver of me?
What severe censures then will pass upon me,
And justly too, for meeting of you here?
It doth, *I* must confess, exceed the bounds
Of modesty; but when the world shall know,
I came to save the honour of my house,
You in my mother sought to undermine;

To

To tell you, how base a dissembler you are,
In spite of love, here to renounce all love
That is not warranted both by the Laws
Of Church and State; then, *Ticket*, the world
Will know my innocence, and thy guilt.

Tick. They'll know your love too (Lady) that was the cause (however you disguise it) of this visitation.

Acut. I value not who knows it, I confess it;
And therein glory, I can master it.
She ne'er was virtuous, that was never tempted;
I have stood the shock of both, of love and of
Temptation; yet know, thou great dissembler,
My virtue's such, that had I not power to
Resist thy love, before I'd yeild to any
Loose embrace, I'd shew my self a *Lucrece*,
And die Virtues Martyr.

Tick. I do admire thee! fair virtuous soul,
If thou canst pardon my past wandering love,
And think me worthy of thee, I am thine.

Acut. Adde not unto my injuries; was't not
Enough to court me to affection first,
And then to work upon my weakness,
By tempting me to lust; but now when I
Have overcome thy lust and my affection,
Again to ensnare me, on pretence of marriage?

Tick. Let not my past errours beget obduracie
In your belief; if now I do not mean it
Really, let goodness in my greatest need
Forsake me: witness these tears. [*Weeps.*

Enter Gambugium.

Gamb. Never was man so tormented as I; first to be catcht up in a Whirlewinde, and hurried I know not where; then coming home, to miss my Wife, my Daughter, and my man: Oh my brains, my head, my horrid monstrous head! I feel my temples sprout, they spread, they spread; give me patience, give me patience!

Acut. I do believe you, Sir, you are to me
More welcome now in your return to love,

To

To faithful love *I* mean, then if
You had never err'd.

Tick. You anew create my hopes, and see
Your father to compleat the match.

Gamb. Oh my eys! am *I* asleep, or do *I* wake?
My Daughter at an Alehouse window?
Plague of the Devil, my Wife's upon the
Bed: Oh my torments! my hellish torments;
They gnaw my heart-strings. Strumpet,
What make you there?

Tick. Tho' you be her father, yet give me leave
To tell you y'are foul-mouth'd: she's so chaste,
She knows not what your language means:
She's a Mine of Virtue; you may glory
In having th' honour to call her daughter;
She hath made me a convert, made
Clean a Leopard.

Gamb. May I believe her virtuous? a Virgin still!

Acut. Father, let my tears perswade you to
Believe it, not shed for any guilt,
But to soften your obdurate heart. [*Kneels.*

Tick. Rise, sweet; waste not in vain those pearly drops:
Let me alone to justifie
Thy virtue 'gainst the world; first, Sir, to you,
Who are more jealous far then wise:
This Lady, tho' your daughter, is now my wife;
Nor can your jealous humour injure her,
But I participate the calumny,
Therefore bound to vindicate her virtue:
She ne'er had won me for a Husband,
If by intreaties, protestations, oaths,
Gold, Jewels or other allurements
I could have entred her Virgin-fort.
In farther addition to her glory, know,
She was your chiefe preserver from abuse;
For I'll confess my crimes, because I meane
Amendment: I courted long your wife.

Gamb. I am a Cuckold irrecoverably, too sensibly
I feele it. Oho!

Tick.

Ticket. You seeme disturb'd; i' faith you have no cause,
Thanks to your daughter. After long courtship,
I obtain'd a triviall favour of your wife,
To give me here a meeting; which she'd done
If not prevented by your daughter, who sent
Her Mother to waite at *Islington* my coming.

Gam. Oh how am I blest in a virtuous Childe!

Tick. You are indeed, and in a virtuous wife,
If that your jealousie do not corrupt her;
For none but she could have so long withstood
The various traines I laid to blow her
Virtue up.

Gam VVell then, farewell it; I see 'tis a folly
To be jealous of what we can't prevent.
Daughter, I crie thee mercy for my ill
Opinion of thee; nay, I'll buy it with
Five hundred pounds more then I meant
Thee. Son, thou appear'st a Gentleman;
Take my consent: I give thee my daughter
VVillingly, provided thou wilt not seek
To cuckold the father.

Tick. I shall ever pay the love and duty of a Son.

Gam. Why well said Son; where shall we keep the wedding?

Acu. If it be your pleasure, I think at *Islington*, where my Mother expects us.

Tick. Come, sweet, let's thither; the Parson of the Village shall confirme the bargain, and so to bed.

Enter *Rant* and *Astutia*.

Rant. Brother *Ticket*, well met.

Tick. I wish you joy, Sir: nay, never frowne; she is my sister, a Gentlewoman; and tho' her portion's small, her love deserves you, and so I thought it a part of friendship to bring you together. I dealt not worse by you then I have done by my selfe.

Rant. VVhat, married?

Tick. As you see, ———
Going to be ti'd to the sweet Apple-tree.

Rant. Nay, I'll never spoile mirth: here's my hand, I thought

[illegible] revenged extreamly, but it shall be like a loving [illegible] I wish you joy.

Ran. VVhy God-a-mercy, the like to thee.

Gent. And I wish joy to both.

Tick. Thanks, worthy Father; now let's to *Islington*
To consummate my Vow, and after feast
There with our Mother: you shall be my guest.

Enter Phil. Celia, Blunt, Matrons.

Tick. But see how opportunely come new friends, and from a wedding too! we are going to the place from whence you came.

Phil. Two VVeddings meet! why this is luck i' faith.

Rant. And we make up the third Couple.

Blunt. Nay feakins, forsooth, we make up the mess.

Tick. Happy beyond our wish! let's in a measure celebrate our joyes.

All. VVith all our hearts.

[A Dance.

MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM

EPILOGUE.

OVr Lovers Courtship, held no common road,
In France *it was conceiv'd,* Love à la mode,
French novelties still use to please our Nation,
Better then any English *home-spun Fashion;*
Which makes us hope, that this our Play will hit,
Being made to the Meridian of your wit:
Yet for all this, we have just cause to feare,
All are not fashion-mongers that are here:
And those that be, do change the Mode so fast,
We are afraid, our wit can never last
Above a Terme; which did our Poet move,
To finish all in Matrimonial love;
That love is antient, and must ever last;
I would your loves were knit to us as fast:
That of our Authors Muse you may beget
Many, and better off-spring of his wit.

FINIS.